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RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

VOL. II.

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RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

CONSISTING OF OLD HEROIC BALLADS, SONGS, AND OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF LATER DATE

BY

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LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

PAGE

Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions 1
1. The Complaint of Conscience 13
2. Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance 17
3. The Wandering Jew 21
4. The Lye, by Sir Walter Raleigh 26
5. Verses (viz. two sonnets) by K. James I. 28
6. K. John and the Abbot of Canterbury 30
7. You meaner Beauties, by Sir H. Wotton 34
8. The Old and Young Courtier 35
9. Sir John Suckling's Campaigne. 38
10. To Althea from Prison. By Col. Lovelace 39
11. The Downfall of Charing-Cross 41
12. Loyalty Confined. By Sir Roger L'Estrange 43
13. Verses by King Charles I. 45
14. The Sale of Rebellious House-hold Stuff 48
15. The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy 51
16. Why so pale? By Sir John Suckling 56
17. Old Tom of Bedlam. Mad song the first 57
18. The Distracted Puritan. Mad Song the second 59
19. The Lunatic Lover. Mad Song the third 62
20. The Lady Distracted with Love. Mad Song the fourth . . . 64
21. The Distracted Lover. Mad Song the fifth 65
22. The Frantic Lady. Mad Song the sixth 67
23. Lilli Burlero. By Lord Wharton 68
24. The Braes of Yarrow. In imitation of the ancient Scots manner. By W. Hamilton 70
25. Admiral Hosier's Ghost. By Mr. Glover 74
26. Jemmy Dawson. By Mr. Shenstone 77

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances, Poems on King Arthur, &c. 80
1. The Boy and the Mantle 105
2. The Marriage of Sir Gawaine 112

PAGE

3. King Ryence's Challenge 121
4. King Arthur's Death. A Fragment 124
5. The Legend of King Arthur 130
6. A Dyttie to Hey Downe 133
7. Glasgerion 134
8. Old Robin of Portingale. 137
9. Child Waters 141
10. Phillida and Corydon. By Nich. Breton 147
11. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard 149
12. The Ew-bughts Marion. A Scottish Song. 153
13. The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter 154
14. The Shepherd's Address to his Muse. By N. Breton. . . . 157
15. Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor 159
16. Cupid and Campaspe. By John Lilye 161
17. The Lady turned Serving-man 162
18. Gil [Child] Morrice. A Scottish Ballad 164

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

1. The Legend of Sir Guy 173
2. Guy and Amarant. By Sam. Rowlands 178
3. The Auld Good-Man. A Scottish Song 184
4. Fair Margaret and Sweet William 186
5. Barbara Allen's Cruelty 189
6. Sweet William's Ghost. A Scottish Ballad 191
7. Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allen. Ditto 193
8. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington 194
9. The Willow Tree. A Pastoral Dialogue 196
10. The Lady's Fall 197
11. Waly, waly, Love be bonny. A Scottish Song 202
12. The Wanton Wife of Bath 204
13. The Bride's Burial 208
14. Dulcina 212
15. The Lady Isabella's Tragedy 213
16. A Hue and Cry after Cupid. By Ben Jonson. 216
17. The King of France's Daughter. 218
18. The Sweet Neglect. By Ben Jonson 225
19. The Children in the Wood 225
20. A Lover of late was I 230
21. The King and the Miller of Mansfield 231
22. The Shepherd's Resolution. By Geo. Wither. 239
23. Queen Dido, or the Wandering Prince of Troy 241
24. The Witches' Song. By Ben Jonson 245
25. Robin Good-fellow 247
26. The Fairy Queen 251
27. The Fairies' Farewell. By Dr. Corbet. 253

BOOK THE NINTH.

		PAGE
1.	The Birth of St. George	258
2.	St. George and the Dragon	266
3.	Love will find out the Way	274
4.	Lord Thomas and Fair Annet. A Scottish Ballad	275
5.	Unfading Beauty. By Tho. Carew	279
6.	George Barnwell	279
7.	The Stedfast Shepherd. By George Wither	290
8.	The Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy	292
9.	Jealousy, Tyrant of the Mind. By Dryden	296
10.	Constant Penelope	297
11.	To Lucasta, on going to the Wars. By Col. Lovelace	300
12.	Valentine and Ursine	301
13.	The Dragon of Wantley	313
14.	St. George for England. The first Part	320
15.	St. George for England. The second Part. By J. Grubb	324
16.	Margaret's Ghost. By David Mallet	337
17.	Lucy and Colin. By Thomas Tickell	340
18.	The Boy and the Mantle, revised, &c.	342
19.	The ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine	349
	Glossary	357
	Index	381

An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No. 70.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT POETRY, &c.

BOOK VI.

I.

The Complaint of Conscience.

I SHALL begin this Sixth Book with an old allegoric Satire: a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius,[1] that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including *rhyme*, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the *Ode of Egil*, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analyzed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans, nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry, but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of

[1] Literatura Runica. Hafniæ, 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic.—Vide Hickesii Præfat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon, and Mœso-Goth. 4to, 1689.

which was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other; but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples,[2]

"*M*eire og *M*inne
*M*ogu heimdaller."

"*G*ab *G*inunga
Enn *G*ras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets who, as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren, the Anglo-Saxon poets, occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters:[3]

"*Sk*eop tha and *Sk*yrede
*Sk*yppend ure."

"*H*am and *H*eahsetl
*H*eofena rikes."

I know not, however, that there is anywhere extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS., viz.

"In a *S*omer *S*eason, | when 'hot'[4] was the *S*unne,
I *Sh*ope me into *Sh*roubs, | as I a *Sh*epe were;
I *H*abite as an *H*armet | un*H*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *W*yde in thys world | *W*onders to heare," &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the Old Saxon and Gothic poets, which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers whom it may gratify to mention, that these *Visions of Pierce* [*i. e.* Peter] *the Plowman*, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and Fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and published his poem a few years after

[2] Vide Hickes, Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. tom. i. p. 217.

[3] Ibid.

[4] So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'soft,' as in MS. or 'set,' as in P.CC.

1350. It consists of xx Passus or Breaks,[5] exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern Hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruption of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.[6] The other is said to be newly imprynted after the authors olde copy . . . by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers' edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, entitled *Pierce the Plowman's Crede*. It begins thus:

> " *C*ros, and *C*urteis *C*hrist, this beginning spede
> For the *F*aders *F*rendshipe, that *F*ourmed heaven,
> And through the *S*pecial *S*pirit, tnat *S*prong of hem tweyne,
> And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe, in very lively colours, the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce, a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.[7] Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton Library is a volume of ancient English poems,[8] two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is entitled *The Sege of I Erlam* [*i. e.* Jerusalem], being

[5] The poem properly contains xxi. parts: the word *Passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. —See vol. ii. book vii. preface to ballad iii., where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*.

[6] That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye: the other thus, nowe the second time imprinted by Robert Crowley. In the former, the folios are thus erroneously numbered, 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days were not ostentatious of multiplying editions.

[7] Signature C ii.

[8] Caligula A. ij. fol. 109, 123.

an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

> "In *T*yberius *T*yme . the *T*rewe emperour
> *S*yr *S*esar hymself . be*S*ted in Rome
> Whyll *P*ylat was *P*rovoste . under that *P*rynce ryche
> And *J*ewes *J*ustice also . of *J*udeas londe
> *H*erode under empere . as *H*erytage wolde
> *K*yng," &c.

the other is entitled *Chevalere Assigne* [or De Cigne], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient romance, beginning thus:

> "All-*W*eldynge God . *W*hene it is his *W*ylle
> *W*ele he *W*ereth his *W*erke . *W*ith his owene honde
> For ofte *H*armes were *H*ente . that *H*elpe wene myzte
> Nere the *H*yznes of *H*ym . that lengeth in *H*evene
> For this," &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's Collection of old Plays[9] is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssaunt and illustryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord, it seems, had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this "highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Herefordе, Staffordе, and Northampton, desyrnge cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne *of whom linially is dyscended my sayde lorde.* The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde[1] to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare englishe tonge after the capacitè and rudenesse of my weke entendement.'

[9] K. vol. x.

[1] W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512.—See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G.'s copy is—"¶ Imprinted at London by me Wylliam Copland."

——A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendour under Leo. X., the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous knight of the swan.[2]

To return to the metre of *Pierce Plowman*. In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem entitled *Death and Life* (in two fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs), which, for aught that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke, as they should be, into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order, I suppose, to save room. It begins,

"*Chr*ist *Chr*isten king,
that on the *Cr*osse tholed;
Hadd *Pa*ines and *Pas*syons
to defend our soules;
*Gi*ve us *Gr*ace on the *Gr*ound
the *Gr*eatlye to serve,
For that *R*oyall *R*ed blood
that *R*ann from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame LIFE" and the "ugly fiend Dame DEATH;" who, with their several attributes and concomitants, are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame LIFE is,

"Shee was *B*righter of her *B*lee,
then was the *B*right sonn:
Her *R*udd *R*edder then the *R*ose,
that on the *R*ise hangeth:
*M*eekely smiling with her *M*outh,
and *M*erry in her lookes;
Ever *L*aughing for *L*ove,
as she *L*ike would.
And as shee came by the *B*ankes,
the *B*oughes eche one
They *L*owted to that *L*adye,
and *L*ayd forth their branches;
*B*lossomes and *B*urgens
*B*reathed full sweete;
*F*lowers *F*lourished in the *F*rith,
where shee *F*orth stepped;
And the *Gr*asse, that was *Gr*ay,
*Gr*eened belive."

DEATH is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

[2] He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Henry VIII.

The other poem is that which is quoted in page 266 of vol. i., and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity, unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above, in page 266, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs. thus:

"*Gr*ant *Gr*acious God,
*Gr*ant me this time," &c.

It is entitled *Scottish Fielde* (in 2 FITTS, 420 distichs), containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present, from his speaking in the first person plural:

"Then WE *T*ild downe OUR *T*ents,
that *T*old were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself·

"He was a *G*entleman by *J*esu,
that this *G*est[3] made:
Which *S*ay but as he *S*ayd[4]
for *S*ooth and noe other.
At *B*agily that *B*earne
his *B*iding place had;
And his ancestors of old time
have yearded[5] theire longe,
Before William *C*onquerour
this *C*untry did inhabitt.
Jesus *B*ring 'them'[6] to *B*lisse,
that *B*rought us forth of BALE,
That hath *H*earkned me *H*eare
or *H*eard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed, that the author was of that country, appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshiremen, who, it seems, ran away in that battle; and from his encomiums on the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when

[3] Jest. MS.

[4] Probably corrupted for—"Says but as he Saw."

[5] Yearded, *i. e. buried, earthed*, earded. It is common to pronounce "earth," in some parts of England, "yearth," particularly in the North.—Pitscottie, speaking of James III., slain at Bannockburn, says, "Nae man wot whar they *yearded* him."

[6] 'us.' MS. In the second line above, the MS. has 'bidding.'

this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century It is remarkable, that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of *Pierce Plowman*.[7]

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of *Scottish Field*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament: till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained along with it, and the song of *Little John Nobody* exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees, the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse,[8] now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following song of *Conscience*, and in that well-known doggrel,

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand

[7] And in that of Robert of Gloucester.—See the next note.

[8] Consisting of four anapests (˘ ˘ ¯) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also call the burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of eleven and fourteen syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, vol. i., p. 345, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich); only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen:

"The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,
Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and sutlie but vive:
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy

heroic verse of twelve syllables[3] is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme; but with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which, by its quick and lively measure, it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state.[1] as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity, were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables, and by making the cæsura or pause as full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both, however, depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And, indeed, by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses; and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other.[2]

[3] Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c., have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse in his versions of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, 1557, 4to.

[1] Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four anapests (˘ ˘ –) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third anapest, and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior, and from the following song of *Conscience*;

> "Whŏ hās eēr beĕn ăt Pārĭs, mūst nēeds knŏw thĕ Grēve,
> Thĕ fātăl rĕtrēat ŏf th' ŭnfŏrtŭnāte brāve.
> Hĕ stēpt tŏ hĭm strāight, ănd dĭd hĭm rĕquīre."

[2] See instances in *L'Hist. de la Poésie Françoise*, par Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French verses.

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets, being chiefly used in a barbarous age and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony, and therefre cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give, by way of example, a few lines from the modern French poets, accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of *Life and Death;* in these I shall denote the cæsura or pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

Lĕ sŭccĕs fŭt toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l'ăudāce ;
All shāll drÿe with thĕ dints | thāt I dēal with mў hānds.

L'hŏmmĕ prūdĕnt vŏit trōp | l'illūsiŏn lĕ sūit,
Yōndĕr dāmsĕl ĭs dēath | thăt drēssĕth hĕr tŏ smīte.

L'ĭntrĕpidĕ vŏit mieux | ĕt lĕ fantōme fŭit,[3]
Whĕn shĕ dōlefūllў sāw | hŏw shĕ dāng downe hĭr fōlke.

Mĕme aŭx yeūx dĕ l'ĭnjūste | ŭn ĭnjūste ĕst hŏrrĭblĕ.[4]
Thĕn shĕ cāst ūp ā crўe | tŏ thĕ hīgh kĭng of hēavĕn.

Dŭ mĕnsōngĕ toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dĕmeurĕ māitrĕ,
Thŏu shālt bĭttĕrlўe bўe | ŏr ĕlse thĕ bōokĕ fāilĕth.

Poŭr părōitre hōnnête hōmme | ĕn ŭn mōt, ĭl fāut l'ētre.[5]
Thūs I fāred thrōughe ā frўthe | whĕre thĕ flōwĕrs wĕre mānўe.

To conclude: the metre of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called blank verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it it is by no means unpleasing, but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of Alexander the Great, in the Bodleian Library which he supposes to be the same with number 44, in the Ashmol MS., containing 27 passus, and beginning thus:

"Whenэr folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,
fayne wolde thei her [i. e. *hear*]
Some ſirand thing," &c.

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[3] Catalina, A. 3. [4] Boileau, Sat. [5] Boil., Sat. 11.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre (vol. iii. p. 305), viz.

"——— I am a Sotherne [i. e. *Southern*] man,
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter,"

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c., was retained longest in the Northern provinces: and that the author of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* is, in the best MSS., called William, without any surname. —See vol. iv. p. 74.

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old alliterative metre.

The first is in MS.,[6] which begins thus:

"*C*rist *C*rowned *K*yng, that on *C*ros didest,[7]
And art *C*omfort of all *C*are, thow[8] kind go out of Cours,
With thi *H*alwes in *H*even *H*eried mote thu be,
And thy *W*orshipful *W*erkes *W*orshiped evre,
That suche *S*ondry *S*ignes *S*hewest unto man,
In *D*remyng, in *D*recchyng,[9] and in *D*erke swevenes."

The author, from this prœmium, takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself; which he introduces with the following circumstances:

"*O*nes y me *O*rdayned, as y have *O*fte doon,
With *F*rendes, and *F*elawes, *F*rendemen, and other;
And *C*aught me in a *C*ompany on *C*orpus *C*hristi even,
*S*ix, other[1] *S*even myle, oute of *S*outhampton,
To take *M*elodye, and *M*irthes, among my *M*akes;
With *R*edyng of *ROMAUNCES*, and *R*evelyng among,
The *D*ym of the *D*erknesse *D*rewe me into the west;
And be*G*on for to spryng in the *G*rey day.
Than *L*ift y up my *L*yddes, and *L*oked in the sky,
And *K*newe by the *K*ende *C*ours, hit clered in the est:
*B*lyve y *B*usked me down, and to *B*ed went,
For to *C*omforte my *K*ynde, and *C*acche a slepe."

He then describes his dream:

"Methought that y *H*oved on *H*igh on an *H*ill,
And loked *D*oun on a *D*ale *D*epest of othre;
Ther y *S*awe in my *S*ighte a *S*elcouthe peple;

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[6] In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves, in private hands.
[7] Didst dye. [8] Though.
[9] Being overpowered. [1] *i. e.* either, or.

The *M*ultitude was so *M*oche, it *M*ighte not be nombred.
Methoughte y herd a *C*rowned *K*yng, of his *C*omunes axe
A *S*oleyne [2] *S*ubsidie, to *S*usteyne his werres.

* * * * *

With that a *C*lerk *K*neled adowne and *C*arped these wordes,
*L*iege *L*ord, yif it you *L*ike to *L*isten a while,
*S*om *S*awes of *S*alomon y shall you *S*hewe *S*one."

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem was composed in the reign of King Henry V., as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The Alliterative Metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian Library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

"HEIR begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit Wemen and the Wedo, compylit be Maister William Dunbar.[3]

"Upon the *M*idsummer evven *M*irriest of nichtis
I *M*uvit furth alane quhen as *M*idnight was past
Besyd ane *G*udlie *G*rene *G*arth,[4] full of *G*ay flouris
*H*egeit [5] of ane *H*uge *H*icht with *H*awthorne treeis
Quairon ane *B*ird on ane *B*ransche so *B*irst out hir notis
That nevir ane *B*lythfuller *B*ird was on the *B*euche [6] hard," &c.

The author pretends to overhear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex: it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his *Wife of Bath's* Tale. As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after *Scottish Field* (described above in p. 6), which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about 500 lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of Thomas the Rymer, Marvellous Merling, &c. This collection

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[2] Solemn.

[3] Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c., from the MS. Collection of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight, of London, 1786," 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.

[4] Garden. [5] Hedged. [6] Bough.

seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*. The first of them begins thus:

> "Merling sayes in his book, who will *R*ead *R*ight,
> Although his *S*ayings be uncouth, they *S*hall be true found.
> In the seventh chapter, read *W*hoso *W*ill,
> One thousand and more after Christ's birth," &c.

And the *Prophesie of Beid:*

> "Betwixt the chief of *S*ummer and the *S*ad winter;
> Before the *H*eat of summer *H*appen shall a war
> That *E*urop's lands *E*arnestly shall be wrought
> And *E*arnest *E*nvy shall last but a while," &c.

So again the *Prophesie of Berlington:*

> "When the *R*uby is *R*aised, *R*est is there none,
> But much *R*ancour shall *R*ise in *R*iver and plain,
> Much *S*orrow is *S*een through a *S*uth-hound
> That beares *H*ornes in his *H*ead like a wyld *H*art," &c.

In like metre is the *Prophesie of Waldhave:*

> "Upon *L*owdon *L*aw alone as I *L*ay,
> *L*ooking to the *L*ennox, as me *L*ief thought,
> The first *M*orning of *M*ay, *M*edicine to seek
> For *M*alice and *M*elody that *M*oved me sore," &c.

And lastly, that entitled the *Prophesie of Gildas*:

> "When holy kirk is *W*racked, and *W*ill has no *W*it,
> And *P*astors are *P*luckt, and *P*il'd without *P*ity,
> When *I*dolatry *I*s *I*n ENS and RE,
> And spiritual pastours are vexed away," &c.

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances, although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed, the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not entirely composed, about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme; but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the metre of *Pierce Plowman*.

END OF THE ESSAY.

The following Song, entitled *The Complaint of Conscience*, is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript. Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an' wood side,
To God for to meditate was my entent,
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
A silly poore creature ragged and rent;
With bloody teares his face was besprent,
His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse and much 'to' desire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee.
"My name," quoth he, "is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned and left here so bare."

Then straightway he turnd him and prayd 'me' sit downe,
"And I will," saithe he, "declare my whole greefe.
My name is called CONSCIENCE:"—wheratt he did frowne,
He pined to repeate it and grinded his teethe.
"'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'
'Yet' while I was young and tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with kinges and with peeres.

"There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kings councell 'I' sate in commission;
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition.
I was ever holden in honest condition,
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

"No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny that was their fine,
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.

Ver. 1, one. MS. V. 15, him. MS. V. 19, not in MS. V. 23, he sate. MS.

The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine;
I ruled the world with the right line;
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
But Conscience was called to bee at 'the' end.

"Noe bargaines nor merchandize merchants wold make,
But I was called a wittenesse therto;
Noe use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them if that they did soe;
'And' that makes me live now in great woe,
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people;

"He brought with him three, whose names, 'thus they call,'
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside;
They never prevail'd till they had wrought my downe-fall
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried.
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed
To have had entertainment with some one or other,
But I am rejected and scorned of my brother.

"Then went I to the Court, the gallants to winn,
But the porter kept me out of the gate.
To Bartlemew Spittle, to pray for my sinne,
They bade me goe packe; it was fitt for my state;
'Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate!'
Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
With whom evermore I esteemed have been!

"Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell,'
But they bade away with me when they knew my name;
'For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!'
They bade me goe pack me, and hye me for shame,
They lought at my raggs, and there had good game;
'This is old threed-bare Conscience that dwelt with Saint Peter;'
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

V. 35, an end. MS derided. MS. V. 43, they be these. MS. V. 46, was V. 53, packe me. V. 57, wonne. MS.

" Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know.
I, having but one poor pennye in my purse,
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;
'For' I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse.
Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue and forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke' where I was borne.

" Then did I remember and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit,
Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
For my name and the place agreed soe fit.
But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in everye 'commission,'
The lawyers with their quillets wold get 'my' dismission.

" Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;
Good Lord! how the lawyers began to assemble;
And fearfull they were lest there I shold bee!
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble.
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

" Next the Merchants said, 'Counterfeite, get thee away,
Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land,
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand;
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us,
For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst accuse us.'

'Then had I noe way but for to goe on
To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name,
Declaring my greeffes; and there I made moane,
'Telling' how their forefathers held me in fame,
And at letting their farmes how always I came.

V. 70, see. MS. V. 76, condicion. MS. V. 77, get a MS
V. 95, And how. MS.

They sayd, 'Fye upon thee; we may thee curse!
'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.'

"And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore,
And sware that their landlords had plagued them so,
That they were not able to keepe open doore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore.
Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre
With hepps and hawes; that is my best fare.

"Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds,
Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,
'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds;'
Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will answer one day."

"Why then," I said to him, "me-thinks it were best
To goe to the Clergie; for dailye they preach
Eche man to love you above all the rest;
Of Mercye and Pittie, and Almes-'deeds' they teach."
"O," said he, "noe matter of a pin what they preach,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes they will [7] give none."

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,
And prayd me to goe and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
"First," said he, "banish Pride, then all England were blest;
For then those wold love us that now sell their land,
And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand."

V. 101, so sore. MS. V. 109, ill. MS. V. 110, not in MS.
V. 119, almes-deeds. MS. V. 126, houses everywhere wold be kept. MS.

[7] We ought in justice and truth to read 'can.'

II.

Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient Miscellany entitled, *The Garland of Goodwill.* Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

"God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?"

IGNORANCE.

"Chill tell thee, by my vazen,[1]
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee."

TRUTH.

"Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise."

[1] *i. e.* faithen: as in the midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes. A.

IGNORANCE.

"Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man;
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Thee was not worth a vart;
Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then,
And every thing was plenty
Among all zorts of men."

TRUTH.

"Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry,' sayd the people,
'And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of hea'n.'"

IGNORANCE.

"Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene
And yet ich am no Jewe."

TRUTH.

"Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;
That we should be, self-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde."

IGNORANCE.

"Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul'd that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke,
'Tis too big to be true.
Our blessed Ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe;
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,[2]
The bible cannot zhowe."

TRUTH.

"Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
For in that book indeede
No mention of Our Lady,
Or Romish saint we read;
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse."

IGNORANCE.

"Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe;
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
And vooles no Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?"

TRUTH.

"But many kinges and prophets,
As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have
And could it never see;
For what art thou the better
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?"

[2] Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalters, Missals, &c.

IGNORANCE.

"O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To heare the vriers zinging
As we did enter in;
And then to zee the rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—
But now to zee them wandring
My heart with zorrow vaints."

TRUTH.

"The Lord did give commandment
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should your self betake.
The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile."

IGNORANCE.

"But Our Lady of Walsinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint.
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe.
The holy maid of Kent [3] likewise
Did many wonders zhowe."

TRUTH.

"Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure,
And to the men that made them
So precious and so pure;
The one for being a traytoure
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath."

[3] By name Eliz. Barton, executed April 21, 1534.—Stow, p. 570.

IGNORANCE.

"Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille;
But zure they did much goodnesse,
Would they were with us stille!
We had our holy water,
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes."

TRUTH.

"And all this while they fed you
With vaine and empty showe
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe.
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee."

IGNORANCE.

"If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly Fader
Alone then will I flee,
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his Zon;
And with the zubtil papistes
Ich have for ever done."

III.

The Wandering Jew.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches, who being entertained at the monastery of

St Alban's, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest, a monk, who sat near him, inquired, "If he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' Creed, their preaching and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Alban's and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time, several imposters have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the *Wandering Jew;* whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible.* See also the *Turkish Spy*, vol. ii. book iii. let. I. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad, however, seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys Collection

When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give,
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place,

Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His owne deare cross he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the streete to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burdened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, "Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare."

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
"I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed."
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Away with speed he fled,
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place;
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe,
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne.
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest," sayd hee, "but thou shalt walke;"
So doth this wandring Jew,
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes;
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.

For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare,
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne,
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone.
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He tells them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

"If you had seene his death," saith he,
"As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon,
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes:"
These are his wordes, and eke his life,
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

The Lye,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

is found in a very scarce miscellany, entitled "Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie, divided into sixe books. . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's Poems before that time, one in 1608,[1] the other in 1611.[2] So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the fourth edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603.—See Oldys's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, p. 173, fol.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

[1] Catalogue of T. Rawlinson, 1727.
[2] Catalogue of Sion. Coll. Library. This is either lost or mislaid.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

V.

Verses by King James I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of His Majesty's poetic talents, some Punning Verses made on the disputations at Stirling; but it having been suggested to the Editor, that

the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre,[1] it was thought proper to exchange them for two sonnets of King James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems we have here selected two, which (to show our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

From King James's Works in folio: where is also printed another, called His Majesty's own Sonnet: it would perhaps be to cruel to infer from thence that this was NOT His Majesty's own Sonnet.

God gives not kings the stile of gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true, and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so as ever in His sight
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEW-MARKET IN JANUARY, 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's Works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest anti-climax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire!
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the cankred King of Creta land,[2]
That melancholy, old and angry sire,

[1] See a folio entitled *The Muses Welcome to King James.* [2] Saturn.

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire
Among the Romans when his ports were clos'd![3]
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast;
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curs'd be that love and mought[4] continue short,
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

[3] Janus. [4] *i. e.* may it

VI.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

The common popular ballad of *King John and the Abbot* seems to have been abridged and modernised about the time of James I. from one much older, entitled *King John and the Bishop of Canterbury* The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled *King Olfrey and the Abbot.*[1] Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to the tune of "Derry down."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

[1] See the collection of Historical Ballads, 3 vols., 1727. Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, p. 15.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were knowne
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And this is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

"Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,[2]
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell mee, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

* * *

[2] Meaning probably St. Botolph.

VII.

You Meaner Beauties.

This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, Knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sep. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia."—See Biogr. Britan.

This song is printed from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number than your light,
You common-people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde,
By virtue first, then choyce, a queen,
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

VIII.

The Old and Young Courtier.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, 8vo.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages,
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns and bows,
With old swords and bucklers that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds.
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady that is dainty, nice and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,

With a fine marble chimney wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footman and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold:
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

* * *

IX.

Sir John Suckling's Campaigne.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these, none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, entitled, "Musarum deliciæ: or the Muses' recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2nd edition. By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] London. 1656, 12mo." [See Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.—

> "But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
> His money, which lately he spent-a;
> But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
> At Barwick away it went-a."

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd, they said with a sigh,
"Sir John, why will you go fight-a?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on,
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear,
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they ask'd what he meant
He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

V. 22. John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert.—See Bayle's Dictionary.

X.

To Althea from Prison.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from

the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. ii. p. 228, and Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. i. p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems, entitled *Lucasta*, 1649, 12mo, collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlargèd windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.

Ver. 10, W'th woe-allaying themes. MS. Thames is here used for water in general.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that soare above
Enjoy such libertie.

XI.

The Downfall of Charing-Cross.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such an one wherever the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection, (which did honour to humanity,) could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: for, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17 was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king, for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643.—*Vide* Athen. Ox. ii. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe;
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The Parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall and kill them all
In the house, as they were sitting.
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted
To give command it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For anything I know,
Than that Tomkins and Chaloner
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our Parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the Parliament.
An informer swore, it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed.
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write nor read.

The committee said that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

*** Whitelocke says, "May 7, 1643, Cheapside-cross and other crosses were voted down," &c. But this vote was not put in execution with regard to Charing-cross till four years after, as appears from Lilly's 'Observations on the Life, &c. of King Charles,' viz. "Charing-cross we know, was pulled down 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen knife-hafts

made of some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an account of the pulling down Cheapside-cross, in the Supplement to *Gent. Mag.* 1764.

XII.

Loyalty Confined.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.," London, 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange. Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS., the other in the "Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671," 12mo.

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd:
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;

And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus;
Contentment cannot smart; stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm
I have some iron shackles there;
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight;
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in;
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,[1]
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure;
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him;
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

[1] See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, lib. iii. c. xxviii. Cic. de Offic. l. i. c. xxx.; see also Val. Max. l. viii.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine;
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude;
Although rebellion does my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

Verses by King Charles I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrooke Castle [in 1648]. The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety."—Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, v. i.

It is in his *Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*, p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there entitled, "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic."—See his History, 1763, 4to, vol. v. pp. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.—These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed, a little poem, *On a Quiet Conscience*, printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. viii., is attributed to King Charles I.; being reprinted from a thin 8vo, published by Nahum Tate, called "Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects."

GREAT Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me;

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason,)
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd:
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I:
They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

XIV.

The Sale of Rebellious House-hold Stuff.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs," &c. 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of *Old Simon the king.*

REBELLION hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well.
Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the Long Parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters' lungs
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church;

So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeeke higher
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t' other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the RUMP fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept out the wealth of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,[1]
And has been safely apply'd
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve,
Which once was a justice of peace
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:

[1] Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

'Tis th' Engagement and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
When e'er 't has an itch to swerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the Rump's great saddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt and the bridle,
And curb of Dissimulation:
And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd;
But Hell will buy that if the worst is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's kitchen-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purse of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1788, p. 242.

Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray, and his slings;
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles,
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, &c.

V. 94. See Grey's *Hudibras*, pt. i. cant. ii. v. 570, &c.
V. 100, 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

XV.

The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy.

Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

"Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grass lye down-a,
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gown-a?"

"Upon the grass there is a dewe
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir;
My gowne and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir."

"I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come, lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it."

"O yonder stands my steed so free
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see
He'll take my steed away, sir."

"Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a."

"O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir;
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir."

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir;
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipt herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

"Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir."

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a:
"And cursed," he said, "be every man
That will a maid believe-a!"

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a:
And curs'd be every maiden faire
That will with men lye down-a!

"A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir;
The smallest dunghill cock that crows
Would make a capon of you, sir.

"A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a;
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a."

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather,
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

"Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me."

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
"How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger?"

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer,
And cryed, "As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer."

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand:
She had a plot invented.

"Looke yonder, good Sir Knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover,
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover."

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the river's brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
"Sir Knight, now swim or sink-a."

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
"Help, helpe, or else I'm drownded!"

"Now, fare-you-well, Sir Knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling;
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling."

Ere many days, in her father's park,
Just at the close of eve-a
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

"False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee;
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

"I pray, Sir Knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a;
I vow and swear I thought no harm:
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a."

"A gentle jest, in soothe," he cryd,
"To tumble me in and leave me!
What if I had in the river dy'd?——
That fetch will not deceive me.

"Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure."

"Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir."

He set him down upon the grass
And begg'd her kind assistance;
"Now," smiling thought this lovely lass,
"I'll make you keep your distance."

Then pulling off his boots half-way:
"Sir Knight, now I'm your betters;
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters."

The knight when she had served soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled;
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

"Farewell, Sir Knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir;
I'll send you my father's serving men
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

"This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle;
You'd never have stood for boots and shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle."

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a:
"I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

"I'll take her father by the beard;
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred."

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated;
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, "Sir Knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour;
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever."

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
"Sir Knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

"My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir;
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir."

"False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a;
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a."

"The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd;
My father he has the keys, sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

"Over the moate I've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure;
Then step a-cross to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure."

These words she had no sooner spoke
But strait he came tripping over:
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke,
And sous'd the unhappy lover.

* * *

XVI.

Why so Pale?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age.—See above, Song ix. of this book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

XVII.

Old Tom of Bedlam.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are original in their respective kinds: the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within the eighteenth century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's *Complete Angler*, cap. 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his Career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note," p. 84.—See Sir John Hawkins's curious edition, 8vo, of that excellent old book.

Forth from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses;
In angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses.

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man;
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye.
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye.
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles!
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark,
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts;
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poor naked Tom is very drye;
A little drinke, for charitye!
Harke! I hear Acteon's horne.
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe;
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip and carret;
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII.

The Distracted Puritan,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

was written about the begining of the seventeenth century by the witty Bishop Corbet, and is printed from the third edition of his Poems, 12mo, 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope
As well as the best in the college?
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets!

Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel [1]
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four poor quarters.
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion.
Take off this chain!
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
If they let me alone
I'll leave him none;
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster;

[1] Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.

But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel
With the lance of Inspiration;
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book [2] between them.
I have been in despair
Five times in a year,
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.[3]
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkins' tables [4]
The black line of damnation;
Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

[2] Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. vol. ii. p. 501. He was author of a book entitled *The Fiery Flying Roll*; and afterwards published a recantation, part of whose title is, *The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt, &c.*

[3] See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract entitled *A sweet Comfort for an Afflicted Conscience.*

[4] See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, vol. i. p. 11; where is a large half sheet folded, containing, "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c.," the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

I appear'd before the Archbishop [5]
And all the high Commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets!
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

[5] Abq. Laud.

XIX.

The Lunatic Lover,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys Collection: both in black-letter.

Grim king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain;
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again;
But if she prove peevish and proud,
Then, a pise on her love, let her go!
I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head;
While wandering in despair
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved awhile
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.

Then this doth my passion inflame:
I start, and no longer can lie:
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away;
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.
To the Elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

XX.

The Lady Distracted with Love,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

was orignally sung in one of Tom D'Urfey's comedies of *Don Quixote*, acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as, 1, sullenly mad; 2, mirthfully mad; 3, melancholy mad; 4, fantastically mad; and 5, stark mad. But this and No. XXII. are printed from D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719, vol. i.

From rosie bowers where sleeps the god of love,
Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
With tender passion my heart's darling joy!
Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
With a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celestial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a shape and a grace,
I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
My veins all shiver and my fingers glow;
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself and drown
Among the foaming billows?
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows,
Lay down, lay down my love-sick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad!
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm.
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, locks—shall thus—be tore!
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

The Distracted Lover,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and author of several little theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the *Companion to the Play-house*, &c. The sprightliness of this songster's

fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his Poems, 4to, Lond., 1729, may be seen another Mad Song of this author, beginning thus :

"Gods! I can never this endure,
Death alone must be my cure," &c.

I go to the Elysian shade
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly ;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears :
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store ;
Then, like the clouds that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling and howling,
And grumbling and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure and a cure.
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease!

XXII.

The Frantic Lady.

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Number xx., was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of *Don Quixote* (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols., 1721, 12mo, where may be found two or three other Mad Songs not admitted into these volumes.

I BURN, my brain consumes to ashes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry weather;
Pour them all on my soul,
It will hiss like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride, hot as hell,
That first made me rebell;
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell,
And mourn now my fate,
Which myself did create:
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
Off ye vain fantastic toys!
That dress this face—this body—to allure!
Bring me daggers, poison, fire!
Since scorn is turn'd into desire.
All hell feels not the rage which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

Lilli Burlero.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero, and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."—Burnet.

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in Bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.

Lilliburlero and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut all de English troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de Pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no protestant heir.
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Lilli, &c.

[a] er 7, Ho by my shoul. al. ed.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de ass.
Lilli, &c.

*** The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, entitled, "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day," &c. Third edition, London, 1712, price 2*d*. See p. 5, viz. "A late Viceroy [of Ireland], who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero Song*; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of three Kingdoms."

V. 43. What follows is not in some copies.

XXIV.

The Braes of Yarrow,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

was written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq., who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems, published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.

A. "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

B. "Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"
A. "I gat her where I dare na weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

B. "Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?"

A. "Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

"For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow?

"Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me, he never luv'd thee better.

"Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

C. "How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoyc'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me;
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

"But who the expected husband, husband is!
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale indeed, O luvely, luvely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter;
And lye all night between my breists;
No youth shall ever lye there after."

A. "Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luver heeds none of thy sighs:
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow."

XXV.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost

was a party song written by the ingenious author of *Leonidas*,[1] on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

[1] An ingenious correspondent informs the Editor, that this ballad hath also been attributed to the late Lord Bath.

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their wat'ry grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him
Where the Burford [2] rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping.
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid:
Those were once my sailors bold.
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.

[2] Admiral Vernon's ship.

Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships have done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fallen, my country crying
'He has play'd an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe;
Here the bastimentos viewing
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me."

XXVI.

Jemmy Dawson.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746.—This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq., soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
"Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Now, now," she cried, "I'll follow thee."

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore.
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
Soe sad, so tender, and so true.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK VII.

I.

Poems on King Arthur, etc.

The remaining books being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old Metrical Romances: a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of books of chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, ETC.

I. The first attempts at composition, among all barbarous nations, are ever found to be poetry and song. The praises of their gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of history. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events[1]: and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests.[2] The ancient Britons had their Bards, and the Gothic nations their Scalds or popular poets,[3] whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald, was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least, succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these

[1] Vide Lasiteau, Mœurs de Sauvages, t. 2. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

[2] Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) Tuistonem, &c.—Tacit. Germ. c. 2.

[3] Barth. Antiq. Dan. lib. 1. cap. 10.—Wormii Literatura Runica, ad finem.

rude men, and, for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.[4]

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose, these songs of the Scalds or Bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more in to embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art.[5]

This seems to be the true origin of that species of romance which so long celebrated feats of chivalry, and which, at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the Continent; till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek.[6]

That our old romances of chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic Bards and Scalds, will be shown below; and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it became a solemn institution.[7] Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies," was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shown.[8] But the ideas of chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people.[9] That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shown to the fair sex (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the Northern nations.[10] These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.[1]

[4] See "Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the ancient Danes and other Northern Nations, translated from the French of M. Mallet," 1770, 2 vols. 8vo. (vol. i. p. 49, &c.)

[5] Vide infra, pp. 82, 83, &c.

[6] Viz. Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia, &c.

[7] Mallet, vide Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 318, &c.; vol. ii. p. 234, &c.

[8] Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1763.

[9] Mallet. [10] Ibid.

[1] The seeds of chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the Northern nations, that it is not credible they

Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the time of the Crusades. They believed the existence of giants and dwarfs;[2] they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of fairies;[3] they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment;[4] and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters.[5]

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction, were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the Bards of Armorica,[6] and thus diffused

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arose so late as after the establishment of the feudal system, much less the Crusades. Nor, again, that the Romances of Chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of Chivalry would have been on Moorish, or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c., are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne and the Paladins, or of our British Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, &c., being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of Jeffery of Monmouth. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French Romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-peur*, *Robert le Diable*, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amadis de Gaul*, said to have been the first Romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shows from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.

[2] Mallet, North. Antiquities, vol. i. p. 36; vol. ii. passim.

[3] Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's Thesaurus, vol. ii. p. 311. Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. passim.

[4] North. Antiquities, vol. i. pp. 69, 374, &c.; vol. ii. p. 216, &c.

[5] Rollof's Saga. Cap. xxxv. &c.

[6] It is peculiarly unfortunate that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting-place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables,—being doubtless all of Celtic origin. See p. 3 of the "Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe," prefixed to Mr. Tho. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. 1774, 4to. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr. Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental*, he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the north and south of Asia as having all the same manners, traditions, and

through Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the North. For it seems utterly incredible, that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know anything of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature, they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories, which became as familiar to the poets of Rome as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the Northern

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fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore everything must be derived from them to the northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason, under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the north and south of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia, the Druidic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome.

There is not room here for a full examination of the minuter arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable dissertator endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W., who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt.—See his notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, &c. But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian Bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jaguiouye* and *Magiouye* of the Arabians and Persians, &c. [p. 13.]—That "we may venture to affirm that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh Bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions." [p. 13.]—And that, "as Geoffrey's History is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous history, ascribed to Turpin, is the groundwork of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain; and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's History." [p. 17.]—That it, as he afterwards expresses it, "lavishly decorated by the Arabian Fablers." [p. 58.]—We should hardly have expected that the Arabian Fablers would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy; but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his fourth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. Sc. "The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly. It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France," &c. [Vide p. 18, note.]

nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy, not excepting Spain itself,[7] appear utterly unacquainted with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient pagans, &c. And indeed in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances; for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c., why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century? since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the Northern Scalds, and enter too deeply into all northern mythology, to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period. If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For I believe one may challenge the maintainers of this opinion to produce any Arabian poem or history that could possibly have been then known in Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of chivalry half so much as the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine Sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts: and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the North, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption, lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romances in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we

[7] The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and which they call peculiarly *Romances*, (see vol. i. book iii. no. xiv., &c.,) have nothing in common with their proper Romances (or Histories) of Chivalry, which they call *Historias de Cavallerias:* these are evidently imitations of the French, and show a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or Song-*romances*, they do not seem of very great antiquity; few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced, among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

can easily account for all the ideas of chivalry, and its peculiar fictions.[8] For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,[9] their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer, in proof of this, to the old northern Sagas in general; but, to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800.[1] This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the lady, should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was Orme, which in the Islandic language, signifies *serpent;* wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.[2]

With marvellous embellishments of this kind, the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth; and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.[3]

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the Minstrels still retained so much of their original institution as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;[4] and, indeed, as during the barbarous ages

[8] See Northern Antiquities, passim. [9] Ibid.

[1] Saxo Gram. pp. 152, 153. Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. i. p. 321.

[2] See a translation of this poem among "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," printed for Dodsley, 1764, 8vo.

[3] Vide Mallet, Northern Antiquities, passim.

[4] The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. In

the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the Minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race; and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress, among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernible: they have some old pieces that are in effect complete romances of chivalry.[5] They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of Sagas,[6] or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the time of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now as the irruption of the Normans[7] into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English romances of chivalry from the northern Sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many Scalds with him from the North, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These, adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their Pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the Scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England;[8] and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes,[9] and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Chris-

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was probably from this custom of the minstrels, that some of our first historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Robert of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

[5] See a specimen in second vol. of Northern Antiquities, &c., p. 248, &c.

[6] Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 314.

[7] *i.e.* Northern men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

[8] See the account of *Taillefer* in vol. i., Essay, and note.

[9] Ipsa CARMINA memoriæ mandabant, et prælia inituri decantabant; qua memoria tam fortium gestorum à majoribus patratorum ad imitationem animus adderetur.—*Jornandes de Gothis.*

tianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred.[1] Now Poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions in France and England as she is known to have done in the North, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned.[2] This, together with the example and influence of the Normans will easily account to us why the first romances of chivalry that appeared both in England and France[3] were composed in metre, as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed romances of chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,[4] ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the *Romance* tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called Romans, or Romants; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The romances of chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century.[5] I know not if the *Roman de Brut*, written in 1155, was such: but if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant.[6] And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of chivalry.[7]

[1] Eginhartus de Carolo Magno. "Item barbara et antiquissima CARMINA, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit," c. 29.

Asserius de Ælfredo Magno. "Rex inter bella &c. . . . . .Saxonicos libros recitare, et MAXIME CARMINA SAXONICA memoriter discere, aliis imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat." Ed. 1722, 8vo, p. 43.

[2] See above, pp. 81, 84, &c.

[3] The romances on the subject of *Perceval*, *San Graal*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Tristan*, *&c.*, were among the first that appeared in the French language in Prose, yet these were originally composed in Metre: the Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval;* and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious.—See a note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. no. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Library, 3d ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious Collection of old French Romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.

[4] The author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, p. 282.

[5] Ibid. p. 283. Hist. Lit. tom. vi. vii.

[6] Voir Préface aux "Fabliaux et Contes des Poëtes François des xii. xiii. xiv. & xv. siècles, &c." Paris, 1756, 3 tom. 12mo. (A very curious work.)

[7] See the account of *Taillefer* in vol. i. Essay, and note. And see Rapin,

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen is that of *Hornechild*, described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry than the French, it is not certain that the first English romances were translated from that language. We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations:[9] and though, after the Norman conquest this country abounded with French romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island: both the French and the Armoricans probably had them from Britain.[1] The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels.[2] On the other hand, the English procured translations of such romances as were most current in France; and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks, many are doubtless of French origin.

The first *prose* books of chivalry that appeared in our language were

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Carte, &c.—This song of ROLAND (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer, "Un jour qu'on chantoit la *Chanson de Roland*, comme c'étoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit-il [John K. of France, who died in 1364], qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands parmi les François. On y verroit encore des Kolands lui répondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête."—Vide tom. iii. p. 202, des Essaies Hist. sur Paris de M. de Saintefoix, who gives, as his authority, Boethius in Hist. Scotorum. This author, however, speaks of the complaint and repartee as made in an assembly of the States (*vocato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c.—Vide Boeth. lib. xv. fol. 327. Ed. Paris. 1574.

[8] See, on this subject, vol. i. Notes on the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, (s 2) and (G G).

[9] The first romances of chivalry among the Germans were in metre; they have some very ancient narrative songs (which they call *Lieder*), not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *von der Tafelronde*.—Vid. Goldasti Not. in Eginhart. Vit. Car. Mag. 4to, 1711, p. 207.

[1] The Welsh have still some very old romances about King Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

[2] It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the French Romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word Termagant, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into Tervagaunte.—See vol. i. p. 52, and Gloss. "Termagant."

those printed by Caxton;[3] at least, these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his rhyme of *Sir Thopas* was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them.[4]

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume:

> "Men speken of Romaunces of pris
> Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis
> Of Bevis, and Sire Guy,
> Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,
> But Sire Thopas, he hereth the flour
> Of real chevalrie."[5]

Most if not all of these, are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall show in the conclusion of this slight Essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical histories and romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them, accurately published, with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at epic poetry: and though full of the exploded fictions of chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the bards who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer; but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood: and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical romances, though far more popular in their time, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened, unluckily, that the antiquaries who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been, for the most part, men void of taste and genius,

[3] Recuyel of the Hystoryes of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Boloyne, 1481. Le morte de Arthur, 1485. The life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy wore out, prose books of chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish romances began to be translated into English, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

[4] See extract from a letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's Observations, vol. ii. p. 139.

[5] Canterbury Tales (Tyrwhitt's Edit.) vol. ii. p. 238.—In all the former editions which I have seen, the name at the end of the fourth line is *Blandamoure*.

and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient epic songs of chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried, it may be, among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses; it would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood if these are neglected: it would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which, without their help, must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakspeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of *King John*, our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I., which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, act i. sc. 1,

> "Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .
> Against whose furie and unmatched force,
> The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,
> Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand.
> He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
> May easily winne a woman's:"—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old romance of *Richard Ceur de Lion*,[6] in which his encounter with the lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to show that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almayne," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-

[6] Dr. Grey has shown that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle: as it was doubtless originally had from the romance, this is proof that the old metrical romances throw light on our first writers in prose: many of our ancient historians have recorded the fictions of romance.

bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the combat begins:

"The kever-chefes[7] he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To slee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His pawes were stiffe and stronge.
The chambre dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, lorde Jesu,
The lyon made to hym venu,
And wolde hym have all to rente:
Kynge Rycharde besyde him glente[8];
The lyon on the breste hym spurned,
That aboute he tourned.
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryed lowde, and yaned[9] wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was beste, and to him sterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,
And hente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felte no wem[1], ne wounde.
He fell on his knees on that place,
And thanked Jesu of his grace."

* * * * *

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat, the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

"Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne."

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[7] *i. e.* handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Couvre le Chef."

[8] *i. e.* slipt aside.

[9] *i. e.* yawned.

[1] *i. e.* hurt.

That distich which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of his madman in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4,

> "Mice and rats and such small deere
> Have been Tom's food for seven long yeare,"

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer*, and another *cheer*.[2] But the ancient reading is established by the old romance of *Sir Bevis*, which Shakspeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

> "Rattes and myse and such small dere
> Was his meate that seven yere."—Sign. F. iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for further examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen, that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of epic poetry.—I shall select the romance of *Libius Disconius*,[3] as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an epic poem may be defined[4] "A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by Heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him," I know not why we should withhold the name of *epic poem* from the piece which I am about to analyze.

My copy is divided into IX Parts or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain, a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who, being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore clothing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf,

[2] Dr. Warburton.—Dr. Grey.

[3] So it is entitled in the Editor's MS. But the true title is, *Le beaus Disconus*, or the Fair Unknown. See a note on the Canterbury Tales, vol. IV. p. 333.

[4] Vid. "Discours sur la Poésie Epique," prefixed to TELEMAQUE.

comes to implore King Arthur's assistance to rescue a young princess, "the lady of Sinadone," their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court: is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm; the third yields: Sir Lybius sends them all to King Arthur. In the third evening he is awakened by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

PART III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued lady (an earl's daughter) tells him her story, and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast: and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to King Arthur.

PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads, and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his leman, or mistress, challenges all comers: he that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the faulcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market-place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt, and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the faulcon to King Arthur, and receives back a large present in florins.

He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen, charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle and summons his followers: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur.

PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a batttle ensues; the giant described: the several incidents of the battle; which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded; put to flight; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle: falls in love with him; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him; and upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone: is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just: the constable is worsted: Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle; he declares his intention of delivering their lady; and inquires the particulars of her history. "Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table: on a sudden all the lights are quenched: it thunders and lightens; the palace shakes; the walls fall into pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded: but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed: a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune: he loses his weapon; but gets a sword from one of the necromancers, and wounds the other

with it: the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

PART IX.

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment: at length he finds him, and cuts off his head: he returns to the palace to deliver the lady; but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck and kisses him; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer, makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece; which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous, unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account, with a list of such old Metrical Romances as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of *Horne Childe* is preserved in the British Museum, where it is entitled þe ȝeste of kyng Horne. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus:

> "All heo ben blyþe
> þat to my sonȝ ylyþe:
> A sonȝ ychulle ou sinȝ
> Of Allof þe ȝode kynȝe,"[5] &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernised, is preserved in the Advocates' library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry, [W. 4, 1.] number xxxiv. in 7 leaves or folios,[6] entitled *Horn-child and Maiden Rinivel*, and beginning thus:

> "Mi leve frende dere,
> Herken and ye may here."

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[5] *i. e.* May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c.

[6] In each full page of this vol. are 44 lines, when the poem is in long metre: and 88 when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

2. The poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton library Calig. A. 2, fol. 77, but is rather a religious legend, than a romance. Its beginning is,

"He þat wyll of wysdome here
Herkeneth nowe ze may here
Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseth hyt."

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of Bevis, being quoted in it.[7] An account of this old poem is given in this volume, book viii. no. i. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge; the one in the public library,[8] the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.—In Ames's *Typog.* p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy. The first MS. begins,

"Sythe the tyme that God was borne."

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349.) It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. i. p. 369, beginning thus:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye."

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick:* viz. number xviii. containing 26 leaves and xx. 59 leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting; otherwise they would, perhaps, be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun*, son of Sir Guy; being number xxi. in 9 leaves: this is properly a continuation of the History of Guy: and in art. 3, the Hist. of Rembrun follows that of Guy as a necessary part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus:

"Jesu that erst of mighte most
Fader and Sone and Holy Ghost."

Before I quit the subject of Sir Guy, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his Baronage [vol. i. p. 243, col. 2], the fame of our English champion had, in the time of Henry IV., travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, "whose stories they had in books of their own

[7] Sign. K. 2. b.

[8] For this, and most of the following which are mentioned as preserved in the public library, I refer the reader to the Oxon. Catalogue of MSS. 1697, vol. ii. p. 394; in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. no. 690, 33, since given to the University of Cambridge.

language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in this volume, book ix. no. i. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge, viz. in the public library,[9] and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9 (5).—The first of these begins,

"Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale."

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. no. xxii., consisting of 25 leaves, and beginning thus:

"Lordinges herkneth to mi tale,
Is merier than the nightengale."

The printed copies begin different from both, viz.,

"Lysten, Lordinges, and hold you styl."

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or *Lybius*) *Disconius*, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (page 317), where the first stanza is,

"Jesus Carist christen kinge,
And his mother that sweete thinge,
Helpe them at their neede,
That will listen to my tale,
Of a Knight I will you tell,
A doughtye man of deede."

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton library [Calig. A. 2, fol. 10], but containing such innumerable variations that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Disconus*, or *The Fair Unknown*. The first line is,

"Jesu Christ our Savyour."

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamoure*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaundemere* occurs in the romance of *Libius Disconius* in the Editor's folio MS., p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamoure* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had then seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanley thinks it no older than the time of Hen. VII., but it seems to be quoted in Syr Bevis (Sign. K. ij. b.). It begins,

"Lordinges, that are leffe and deare."

[9] No. 690, § 31. Vide Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

In the library of Bennet Coll. Cambridge, no. 351, is a MS. entitled in the catalogue *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many songs and romances about King Arthur and his knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall* (p. 24), in stanzas of four lines, beginning,

"'Come here,' my cozen Gawaine so gay."

The Turke and Gawain (p. 38), in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus,

"Listen lords great and small;"[1]

but these are so imperfect, that I do not make distinct articles of them. —See also in this volume, book vii. no. ii. iv. v.

In the same MS., p. 203, is the *Greene Knight*, in two parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

"List: wen Arthur he was k:"

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distichs:

"Listen: to me a little stond."

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's heroes were among the Greeks; for, as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough; so *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "Sir Gawain with his old curtysie," is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb in his *Squire's Tale, Canterb. Tales*, vol. ii. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old romance concerning another of King Arthur's knights, is preserved in the Cotton library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French,[2] made by one Thomas Chestre, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Hen. VI. [See Tanner's *Biblioth.*] It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

"Be douzty Artours dawes."

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was more gene-

[1] In the former editions, after the above, followed mention of a fragment in the same MS. entitled *Sir Lionel*, in distichs (p. 32); but this being only a short ballad, and not relating to King Arthur, is here omitted.

[2] The French original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. no. 978, § 112, *Lanval.*

rally known.[3] This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus:

"Doughty in King Arthures dayes."

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS., p. 124), is a well-invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This, which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus:

"It fell sometimes in the Land of Beame."

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts (preserved in the same folio MS., p. 145), gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British prophet. In this poem the *Saxons* are called *Sarazens;* and the thrusting the rebel angels out of heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady*." It is in distichs, and begins thus:

"He that made with his hand."

There is an old romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems: I know not whether it has anything in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered xxiii., and extends through 55 leaves. The two first lines are,

"Jesu Crist, heven king,
Al ous graunt gode ending."

14. *Sir Isenras* (or, as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Isumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in vol. i. book iii. no. viii. It is preserved in MS. in the library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2.) and also in the Cotton library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy: *e. g.*

"God þat made both erþe and hevene."

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient romance, is preserved in the same vol. of the Cotton library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus:

"Jesu þat ys kyng in trone."

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton library, has been already described in vol. i. Essay on *P. Plowman's Metre*, &c., as hath also

17. *The Siege of Jêrlam* (or Jerusalem), which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume: viz.,

[3] See Laneham's Letter concerning Q. Eliz. entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo, p. 34.

18. *Owaine Myles* (fol. 90), giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub ann. 1153).—It is in distichs beginning thus:

"God þat ys so full of myght."

In the same manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the romances; but being rather religious legends, I shall barely mention them: as, *Tundale*, f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient romance of chivalry, is in the same vol. of the Cotton library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, and 5, rhyme together, as do the 4 and 6. It begins thus:

"Ihesu þhat was with spere ystonge."

In the public library at Cambridge[4] is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently:

"Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge."

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same vol. with the foregoing, both in the Cotton library and public library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. p. 295, where it is divided into six parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian library, c. 39, art. Seld., and also among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. x. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

"Ihesu Crist of heven kyng."

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume, p. 210, and in the public library at Cambridge (690, § 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394).—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays in the same volumes with the last article. Both the MS. and the printed copies begin,

"Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge."

The Cambridge copy thus:

"Heven blys that all shall wynne."

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title), in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public library at Cambridge (ubi supra).—A printed copy is in the Bod. library, c. 39, art. Seld., and among Mr. Garrick's plays, K. vol. ix.—The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

"Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl."

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[4] No. 690 (30). Vide Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

The Cambridge MS. has it,

"Lystenyth, lordingis, gente and fre."

23. *Ipomydon* (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252 (44). It is in distichs, and begins,

"Mekely, ordyngis, gentylle and fre."

In the library of Lincoln Cathedral, K. k. 3. 10, is an old imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas.[5]—Mr. Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol. ix. It begins,

"It was a squyer of lowe degre,
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre."

25. *Historye of K. Richard Cure* [*Cœur*] *de Lyon* [Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to], is preserved in the Bodleian library, c. 39, art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems; no. xxxvi. in 2 leaves. A large extract from this romance has been given already above, p. 91. Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and favourite of the old Minstrels and Troubadours.—See Warton's Observ. vol ii. p. 29; vol. ii. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. 27, but I believe they may all be referred to the class of romances.

The *Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faquel* (Bodl. lib. c. 39, art. Seld., a printed copy). This Mr. Warton thinks is the story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters [V. i. s. 6, l. 20.—See Wart. Obs. v. ii. p. 40]. The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. tom. ii. p. 394), viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse* (No. 27), of which the Editor hath also a copy from "Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon." The first line of both is,

"Jesu Chryste in Trynyte."

28. *Roberd Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily), shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703 (3). The Cambridge MS. begins,

"Princis that be prowde in prese."

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[5] This is alluded to by Shakspeare in his Henry V. (act. v.), where Fluellyn tells Pistol, he will make him a Squire of Low Degree, when he means to knock him down.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus:

"As ferre as men ride or gone."

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

"Sum tyme ther was a noble man."

31. The two knightly brothers, *Amys and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42), is an old Romance of chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of *Lady Belesant, the Duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article.—See the Catalog. vol. ii.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates' library, W. 4. 1), might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole volume contains not fewer than 37 Poems or Romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations; and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow:[6] viz.,

An old Romance about *Rouland* (not, I believe, the famous Paladine, but a champion named Rouland Louth; query), being in the volume, no. xxvii. in 5 leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another Romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, entitled *Otuel a Knight* (no. xxviii.), in 11 leaves and a half. The two first lines are,

"Herkneth both zinge and old,
That willen heren of battailes bold."

34. *The King of Tars* (no. iv. in 5 leaves and a half; it is also in the Bodleian library, MS. Vernon, f. 304), beginning thus:

"Herkneth to me both eld and zing,
For Maries love that swete thing."

35. A Tale or Romance (no. i. 2 leaves) that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

"Th Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knicht him haden y-told.
The Baronnis that were of mikle pris, befor him thay weren y-cald."

36. Another mutilated Tale or Romance (no. iii. 4 leaves). The first lines at present are,

[6] Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

"To Mr. Steward will y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the
Reseyved bestow sone anon. gif zou will serve and with hir be."

37. A mutilated Tale or Romance (no. xi. in 13 leaves). The two first lines that occur are,

"That riche Dooke his fest gan hold
With Erls and with Baronns bold."

I cannot conclude my account of this curious manuscript, without acknowledging that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Blair, the ingenious Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient metrical romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, reprinted from scarce editions, Lond. 1792, in 3 vols. 8vo, viz.:

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a Metrical Romance; from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo, beginning,

"In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald."

It is in stanzas of thirteen lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, a Metrical Romance, in the same stanzas as no. 38, from an ancient MS. beginning thus:

"In the tyme of Arthur an aunter[7] betydde
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror kyd," &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c., and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the *Tournament of Tottenham*) are judged to be as old as the time of our King Henry VI., being apparently the production of an old poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris:"

"Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,
That made the aventors of Sir Gawane."

It will scarce be necessary to remind the reader, that *Turnewathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadling*, celebrated in the old ballad of the *Marriage of Sir Gawaine*.—See p. 113, and no. xix. book ix. of this volume.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, 3 vols. 4to, and from the Notes to Mr. Tyrwhitt's improved edition of

[7] *i. e.* adventure.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, &c., in 5 vols. 8vo, which have been published since this Essay, &c., was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious reader to those popular works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious *History of Music*, &c., in 5 volumes, 4to; as also in Dr. Burney's *Hist.*, &c., in 4 vols. 4to.

END OF THE ESSAY.

I.

The Boy and the Mantle

is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the *mantle* and the *knife* have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's girdle, b. iv. c. 5, st. 3.

> "That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
> And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
> But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
> Might not the same about her middle weare,
> But it would loose or else asunder teare."

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

> "——being brought, about her middle small
> They thought to gird, as best it her became,
> But by no means they could it thereto frame,
> For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
> And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.
>
> That all men wondred at the uncouth sight
> And each one thought as to their fancies came.
> But she herself did think it done for spight,
> And touchèd was with secret wrath and shame
> Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame:
> Then many other ladies likewise tride
> About their tender loynes to knit the same,
> But it would not on none of them abide,
> But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.
>
> Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,
> Till that at last the gentle Amoret
> Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.
> And having it about her middle set
> Did find it fit withouten breach or let,
> Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.
> But Florimel exceedingly did fret,
> And snatching from her hand," &c.

As for the trial of the *horne*, it is not peculiar to our poet: it occurs in the old romance, entitled *Morte Arthur*, which was translated out of French in the time of King Edward IV., and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the

Enchanted Cup, c. 42, &c.—See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queene, &c.

The story of the *horn* in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract:—"By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and because of queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto King Arthur." This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero; for he makes "his queene drinke thereof, and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those that drank cleane," of which number the said queen proves not to be one.—Book ii. chap. 22, ed. 1632.

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for Queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old histories and romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband."—Vol. i. p. 93.

*** Such readers as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this ballad at the end of this volume.

In the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye,
He thought itt much shame.

"God speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly Queene Guénever
I cannott her forgett.

V. 7, branches. MS.

"I tell you, lords, in this hall,
I hett you all to 'heede,'
Except you be the more surer,
Is you for to dread."

He plucked out of his 'poterner,'
And longer wold not dwell;
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

"Have thou here, King Arthur,
Have thou heere of mee;
Give itt to thy comely queene,
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

"Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse:——"
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle,
She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it 'gule,'
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was it wadded;
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke,
And bore the worst hue:
"By my troth," quoth King Arthur,
"I thinke thou be not true."

V. 18, heate. MS.
V. 21, poterver. MS.
V. 32, his wiffe. MS.
V. 34, bided. MS.
V. 41, gaule. MS.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver and the walker
That clothe that had wrought,
And bade a vengeance on his crowne
That hither hath itt brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree,
Then in King Arthurs court
Shamed for to bee."

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his ladye,
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle
And cast it her about,
Then was shee bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,
That was in the kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showted
Full oft att that sport.

She threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred to this little boy
Twenty markes to his meede,

V. 75, lauged. MS.

And all the time of the Christmasse,
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed:
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in;
Saith, "Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a litle dinne.

"Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddockes ladye,
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee said, "Bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

"Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed mee."

When shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde,
The mantle stoode about her
Right as shee wold,

Seemelye of coulour,
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

Then spake dame Guénever
To Arthur our king;
"She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

"See you not yonder woman,
That maketh her self soe 'cleane'?
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
From her, bedeene:
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane."

Then spake the little boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, "King, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold:

"Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckold."

The little boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
'And there as he was lookinge
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

V 134, wright. MS. V. 136, cleare. MS.
V. 140, by deene. MS.

He was ware of a wyld bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran:
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking upon them;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britled the bores head
Wonderous weele,
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

The little boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He said there was "noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne,
But he shold it sheede,
Either behind or beforne."

Some shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

V. 170, them upon. MS. V. 175, or birtled. MS

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.

II.

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine

is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c., it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the Fragment itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume.

PART THE FIRST.

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright in bowre;
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

This king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damsèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

"A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthûre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee

"At Tearne-Wadling [1] his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

"Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
May pass that castle-wall,
But from that foule discurteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

"Hee's twice the size of common men,
Wi' thewes and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

"This grimme barône 'twas our harde happe
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love,
And sore misused mee.

"And when I told him King Arthûre
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge
To meete mee if he dare."

Upp then sterted King Arthûre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barône,
Till he had made him quail.

"Goe fetch my sword Excalibar,
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barône
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede."

[1] *Tearne-Wadling* is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearn*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge
Benethe the castle walle:
"Come forth, come forth, thou proude barone,
Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stoode,
And fenc'd with many a spelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

"Nowe yield thee, yield thee, Kinge Arthure,
Now yield thee unto mee;
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better termes maye bee:

"Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
Upon the new-yeare's day,

"And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moste desyre:
This is thy ransome, Arthur," he sayes,
"Ile have noe other hyre."

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sware upon his faye,
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone,
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; some flatterye;
And some a jollye knighte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was helde in doubte.
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He saw a ladye, sette
Betweene an oke and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red[2] scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turned outwàrde,
Her chin stoode all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haires, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe:
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte
This ladye was fulle faine:
But King Arthùre, all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made againe.

"What wight art thou," the ladye sayd,
"That wilt not speake to mee;
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see."

"If thou wilt ease my paine," he sayd,
"And helpe me in my neede,
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it shall bee thy meede."

"O sweare mee this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye;
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye."

[2] This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Cant. Tales, says of the Wife of Bath.

"Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red."

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And sware upon the roode;
The secrette then the ladye told,
As lightlye well shee cou'de.

"Now this shall be my paye, Sir King,
And this my guerdon bee,
That some yong, fair and courtlye knight
Thou bringe to marrye mee."

Fast then pricked King Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And soone he founde the barone's bowre,
And soone the grimme baroùne.

He kare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

"Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, Sir King,
Nor may thy ransome bee."

"Yet hold thy hand, thou proud baròne,
I pray thee hold thy hand;
And give mee leave to speake once more
In reskewe of my land.

"This morne, as I came over a more,
I saw a ladye, sette
Betwene an oke and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red scarlètte.

"Shee sayes, all women will have their wille,
This is their chief desyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre."

"An carlye vengeaunce light on her!"
The carlish baron swore:
"Shee was my sister tolde thee this,
And shee's a mishapen whore.

"But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne:
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
In a fyre I will her burne."

PART THE SECOND.

Homewarde pricked King Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And soone he mette Queene Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

"What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
Where hast thou hung the carlish knighte?
And where bestow'd his head?"

"The carlish knight is safe for mee,
And free fro mortal harme:
On magicke grounde his castle stands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

"To bow to him I was fulle faine,
And yielde mee to his hand:
And but for a lothly ladye, there
I sholde have lost my land.

"And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
And sorrowe of my life;
I swore a yonge and courtlye knight
Sholde marry her to his wife."

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine,
That was ever a gentle knighte:
"That lothly ladye I will wed;
Therefore be merrye and lighte."

"Now naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawàine,
My sister's sonne yee bee;
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

"Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde,
Her chin stands all awrye;
A worse form'd ladye than shee is
Was never seen with eye."

"What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foule to see;
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy ransome bee."

"Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawàine,
And a blessing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

"And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
As wee a hunting went."

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoste of the companye
There rode the stewarde Kaye:

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keene;
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree,
There sate that ladye in red scarlètte,
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere;
"Whoever kisses that ladye," he sayes,
"Of his kisse he stands in feare."

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout;
"Whoever kisses that ladye," he sayes,
"Of his kisse he stands in doubt."

"Peace, brother Kay," sayde Sir Gawàine,
"And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all
Must marry her to his wife."

"What, marry this foule queane?" quoth Kay,
"I' the devil's name anone;
Gette mee a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none."

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes,
And sayd they wolde not marry her
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him King Arthùre,
And sware there "by this daye,
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye."

"Peace, lordings, peace," Sir Gawaine sayd,
"Nor make debate and strife;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife."

"Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawàine,
And a blessinge be thy meede!
For as I am thine owne ladyè,
Thou never shalt rue this deede."

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe:
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
"Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord,
Come turne to mee, I praye."

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire,
Lying upon the sheete,
And swore, as he was a true knighte,
The spice was never so sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not soe faire:
Thou never canst bee my bride."

"I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde;
The same whiche thou didst knowe,
That was soe lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

"Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse," quoth shee,
"And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by daye,
Shall I be foule or faire?"

"To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe!
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye."

"What! when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine!"

"My faire ladyè," Sir Gawaine sayd,
"I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè,
Thou shalt have all thy wille."

"Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawàine,
And the daye that I thee see;
For as thou seest mee at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

"My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

"Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the greene forèst to dwelle,
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle;

"Midst mores and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life,
Till some yong, faire and courtlye knighte
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

"Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille,
Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

"She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

'But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle knighte."

* * *

III.

King Ryence's Challenge.

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned "A Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy and is this:

"'So it fell out on a Pentecost,'" &c.

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in *Morte Arthur* whence it is taken runs as follows: "Came

a messenger hastely from king Ryence of North Wales,—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. i. c. 24. See also the same Romance, b. i. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's Hist. b. x. c. 3, which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb., Song iv. and by Spenser in Faer. Queene, vi. 1, 13, 15.—See Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. page 223.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. library.

Stow tells us that king Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet in Somersetshire." This Camalet, "sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill," &c. [See an exact description in Stow's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 55.]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay,
And many bold barons sitting in hall,
With ladies attired in purple and pall,
And herault's in hewkes, hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*[1]

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;
With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
Say'd, "Nowe Sir King Arthur, God save thee and see!
Sir Ryence of North-Gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

[1] *Largesse, Largesse.* The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received the bounty of the knights. See *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 99.—The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.

"For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered[2] about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out.
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy Round Table."

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;
Princes puff'd; barons blustred; lords began lower;
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall;
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

"Silence, my soveraignes," quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still:
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;
Of wine and wassel he had his wille,
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

"But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf," quoth the king,
"That for his bold message I do him defye,
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-Gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he, or King Arthur, will prove the best barbor:"
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalàbor.

* * * * * * * *

*** Strada, in his Prolusions, has ridiculed the story of the giant's mantle, made of the beards of kings.

[2] *i. e.* set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of magistrates.

IV.

King Arthur's Death.

A FRAGMENT.

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance *Morte Arthur*, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveied awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever."—Holinshed, b. v. c. 14; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493, by Ger. de Leew, "The Bretons supposen, that he [K. Arthur]—shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede."—See more ancient testimonies in Selden's Notes on Poly Olbion, Song iii.

This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS., hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of *Morte Arthur*.

* * * * * *

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee,
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,[1]
And there to him these wordes did saye:

"Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

"For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

[1] Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad.—See the next ballad, ver. 73.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And told them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld-at-armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man shold noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,
The best of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee;
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

Ver. 41, 42, the folio MS. reads father . . . . sonne.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worm hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe;
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye:
Ay mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on a summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The teares fast trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knights," he said,
"Soe true and faithful to your trust:
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe:
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

"But see, the traitor's yet alive!
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall abye:
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"O staye, my liege," then sayd the duke;
"O staye for love and charitìe;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"O staye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straite he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas!" then sayd the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!"

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his speare he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,
He thrust himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree:
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake:
"Sir Knighte, thou hast been faithfulle tryde;
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,[2]
That hangs so freelye by my syde;

"O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

[2] More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS. *Escalberd*.

"And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better neer had valiant knighte;
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde:
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde."

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
And all the hilte of precious stone:
"And ever alacke!" then sayd the knighte,
"Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free."

"O goe againe," then said the kinge,
"O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"
"Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can bee!

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke,
He stood as still, as still mote bee;
Then hastend backe to telle the kinge,
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye;
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.[3]

And whether the kinge were there or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde;
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

* *
*

V. 178, see MS.

[3] Not unlike that passage in Virgil:

"Summoque ululârunt vertice nymphæ."

Ladies was the word our English writers used for *nymphs:* as in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS.

"When scorching Phœbus he did mount,
Then Lady Venus went to hunt:
To whom Diana did resort,
With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,
Of springs, and floodes," &c.

V.

The Legend of King Arthur.

We have here a short summary of King Arthur's history as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte Arthur*. The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 124), seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced [*viz.* that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36].

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio MS.

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome and Heathynesse
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a Christyan bore;
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Oer Brittaine I did rayne,
After my Savior Christ his byrth,
What time I did maintaine

The fellowshipp of the Table Round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights
And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared through the world

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate,
Of Agyana, a bewtyous ladye,
And come of 'hie' estate.

Ver. 1, Bruite his. MS.

V. 9, He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

V. 23 She is named *Igerna* in the old Chronicles. V. 24, his. MS.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittaine, that was att an uprore,
I did to quiett bringe;

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land;
All Scotland then, throughe manly feates,
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norwaye,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll in feild,
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus,
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew.

And Lucyus, the emperour of Rome,
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe.

Five kinges of 'paynims' I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperour,
Who alsoe lost his liffe.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome,
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere.

V. 39, Froland field. MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul.
V. 41, Danibus. MS.
V. 49, of Pavye. MS.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode,
Then word to mee was brought,
How Mordred had oppressd the crowne,
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittaine with my queene:
Therfore I came with speede
To Brittaine backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede;

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Then chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed,
Till at the last wee mett;
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett:

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittaine tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on fates depend!

V. 92, feates. MS.

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escapte away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes.
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame,
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

VI.

A Dyttie to Hey Downe.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton library [Vesp. A. 25], entitled "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."

Who sekes to tame the blustering winde,
Or causse the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els against dame nature's kinde
To 'change' things frame by cunning skyll:
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;
Who thinks to causse an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done:
That man likewise bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
And for to sayle without a maste;
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine,
His travell ys forelorne and waste;
And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

Ver. 4, causse. MS.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To please eche eye and every eare,
Had nede to have withouten doubt
A golden gyft with him to beare;
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend;
God send us all a happy place;
And let us pray unto the end
That we may have our princes grace.
Amen, amen! so shall we gaine
A dewe reward for all our paine.

VII.

Glasgerion.

An ingenious friend thinks that the following old ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS.) may possibly have given birth to the Tragedy of *The Orphan*, in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song (who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion), in the Essay prefixed to vol. i., note (H), part iv. (2).

Glasgerion was a kings owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode;
He harped in the kings chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode,

And soe did hee in the queens chambere,
Till ladies waxed 'glad,'
And then bespake the kinges daughter,
And these wordes thus shee sayd:

"Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne;
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my hart withinne."

Ver. 6, wood. MS

"Faire might he fall," quoth hee,
"Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere,
My minde I neere durst breake."

"But come to my bower, my Glasgerion,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest."

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee:
"And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

"For the kinges daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone;
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen."

"O master, master," then quoth hee,
"Lay your head downe on this stone;
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone."

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on;
A coller he cast upon his necke,
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn:[1]
The lady was true of her promise,
And rose and lett him inn.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed:
'Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.'

V. 16, harte. MS

[1] This is elsewhere expressed '*twirled the pin*,' or '*tirled at the pin*,' [see D. viii. s. vi. v. 3,] and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe,
  Nor when he came, nor yode:
And sore that ladye did mistrust,
  He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
  And did off his hose and shoone;
And cast the coller from off his necke:
  He was but a churlès sonne.

"Awake, awake, my deere master,
  The cock hath well-nigh crowen;
Awake, awake, my master deere,
  I hold it time to be gone.

"For I have saddled your horse, mastèr,
  Well bridled I have your steede,
And I have served you a good breakfast,
  For thereof ye have need."

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
  And did on hose and shoone,
And cast a coller about his necke:
  For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,
  He thrilled upon the pinne;
The lady was more than true of promise,
  And rose and let him inn.

"O whether have you left with me
  Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned backe againe
  To know more of my love?"

Glasgerion swore a full great othe,
  By oake, and ashe, and thorne;
"Ladye, I was never in your chambere,
  Sith the time that I was borne."

"O then it was your lither foot-page,
  He hath beguiled mee:"
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-knìffe,
  That hanged by her knee.

V. 77, litle. MS.

Sayes, "There shall never noe churlès blood
Within my bodye spring:
No churlès blood shall eer defile
The daughter of a kinge."

Home then went Glasgerion,
And woe, good lord! was hee:
Sayes, "Come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

"If I had killed a man to-night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee:
But if I have not killed a man to-night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three."

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone:
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives were all gone.

V. 100, werne all. MS.

VIII.

Old Robin of Portingale.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS., which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former edition, the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

Let never again soe old a man
Marrye soe yonge a wife
As did old Robin of Portingale,
Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, God wott,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love,
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And scarce was hee asleepe,
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

"Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,
Arise and let me inn."

"O, I am waking, sweete," he said,
"Sweete ladye, what is your will?"
"I have unbethought me of a wile,
How my wed-lord weell spill.

"Twenty-four good knights," shee sayes,
"That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my next cozèns,
Will helpe to dinge him downe."

All that beheard his litle foote-page,
As he watered his masters steed,
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, sighed, and wept full sore;
I sweare by the holy roode,
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
What causes thee to wail?

Ver. 19, unbethought [properly *onbethought*]; this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as *bethought*.
V. 32, blend. MS.

"Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare?

"Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he shal bee,
For no man here within my howse,
Shall doe wrong unto thee."

"O, it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree,
But on to-morrow, ere it be noone,
All deemed to die are yee.

"And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
And thank your gay ladye."
"If this be true, my litle foot-page,
The heyre of my land thoust bee."

"If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
No good death let me die."
"If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou lie.

"O call now downe my faire ladye,
O call her downe to mee;
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
And like to die I bee."

Downe then came his ladye faire,
All clad in purple and pall,
The rings that were on her fingèr s
Cast light throughout the hall.

"What is your will, my owne wed-lord?
What is your will with mee?"
"O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
And like to die I bee."

"And thou be sicke, my owne wed-lord,
Soe sore it grieveth me,
But my five maydens and myselfe
Will 'watch thy' bedde for thee,

V. 47, or to-morrow. MS. V. 56, bee. MS.
V. 72, make the. MS.

" And at the waking of your first sleepe,
We will a hott drinke make;
And at the waking of your 'next' sleepe
Your sorrowes we will slake."

He put a silk cote on his backe,
And mail of many a fold;
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold;

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete;
'And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleepe.'

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twentye-four traitours inn:
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword
Sir Gyles head soon did winn;
And scant of all those twenty-four
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone,
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladye gaye
With torches burning bright;
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,
Butt she found her owne wedd-knight.

The first thinge that she stumbled on,
It was Sir Gyles his foote:
Sayes, " Ever alacke, and woe is mee,
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote!"

The next thinge that she stumbled on,
It was Sir Gyles his heade:
Sayes, " Ever alacke, and woe is mee,
Heere lyes my true love deade!"

V. 75, first. MS.

He cutt the pappes beside her brest,
And didd her body spille;
He cutt the eares beside her heade,
And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot page,
And made him there his heyre;
And sayd, "Henceforth my worldlye goodes
And countrye I forsweare."

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,
Of the white 'clothe' and the redde,[1]
And went him into the Holy Land,
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

V. 118, fleshe. MS.

[1] Every person who went on a CROISADE to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: the English wore white, the French red, &c. This circumstance seems t be confounded in the ballad. [V. Spelman, Gloss.]

☞ In the foregoing piece, Giles, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

IX.

Child Waters.

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Faerie Queene:* and the son of a king is in the same poem called *Child Tristram* [b. v. c. 11, st. 8, 13,—b. vi. c. 2. st. 36,—ibid. c. 8. st. 15]. In an old ballad quoted in Shakspeare's *King Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a *Prince*. A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans, Varlets, Damoysels, Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." [Vide Warb. Shakesp.] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word cnihz knight, signifies also a *Child*. [See Upton's Gloss. to the *Faerie Queene*.]

The Editor's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken affords several other ballads, wherein the word *Child* occurs as a title: but in none of these it signifies *Prince*.—See the song entitled *Gil Morrice* in this volume.

It ought to be observed that the word *Child*, or *Chield*, is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode
And stroakt his milke-white steede;
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, "Christ you save, good Childe Waters,"
Sayes, "Christ you save and see;
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

"And all is with one childe of yours
I feele sturre at my side;
My gowne of greene it is too straighte;
Before, it was too wide."

"If the childe be mine, faire Ellen," he sayd,
"Be mine, as you tell mee,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

"If the childe be mine, faire Ellen," he sayd,
"Be mine, as you doe sweare,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre."

Shee sayes, "I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and southe.

"And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee."

Ver. 13, be inne, MS.

"To-morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee."

"'Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:'
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee."

"If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee,
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee:

"Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee;
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee."

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde,
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "Ellen, will you ryde?"

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome,
Yet was hee never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "put on your shoone."

"Ride softlye," shee sayd, "O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde so fast?
The childe, which is no mans but thine,
My bodye itt will brast."

Hee sayth, "Seest thou yonder water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?"—
"I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see[1] me swimme."

But when shee came to the water side,
She sayled to the chinne:
"Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme."

[1] *i. e.* permit, suffer, &c.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne;
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme!

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee sayd, "Come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-foure faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd golde shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of redd golde shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthye mate.

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of redd golde shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure."

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the ball,
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse,
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
"You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see;

Ver. 84, woildly. MS.

"But that his tellye it is so bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye;
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares soe riche attyre.

"It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre."

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

"Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine armes to sleepe;
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing [2] of her feete."

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that shee colde finde
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

"I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may 'saye a sleepe."

He gave her leave, and fair Ellen
Down at his beds feet laye;
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

V. 132, *i. e.* essay, attempt.
[2] *i. e.* defiling. See Warton's Observ. vol. ii. p. 158.

Hee sayd, "Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye."

Up then rose the faire Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him the better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane;
She leaned her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard 'her woefull woe:'
Shee sayd, "Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe.

"For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone;
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
Shee is soe woe-begone."

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellen,
Howe shee made her monand.

She sayd, "Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mothere layde on a biere."

V. 164, *i. e.* moaning, bemoaning, &c.

"Peace nowe," hee sayd, "good, faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye."

We are informed that the German poet Bürger has translated this poem with much grace, and entitles it *Graf Walter*. Bürger has also translated "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, and "The Child of Elle" as *Die Entführung.—Editor.*

X.

Phillida and Corydon.

This sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the *Muses Library*, p. 295, from an ancient miscellany entitled *England's Helicon*, 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth, who also published an interlude entitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love," 4to, and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' *Typog.*, and Osborne's Harl. Catalog., &c. He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his second part of *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act ii., and again in *Wit without Money*, act iii.—See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 103.

The present edition is improved by a copy in *England's Helicon*, edit. 1614, 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying;

When anon by a wood side,
Where that Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Ver. 4, the wode. MS.

Much adoe there was, God wot:
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, "Never man was trewe;"
He sayes, "None was false to you."

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes, "Maydes must kisse no men,

"Tyll they doe for good and all."
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and faithe and trothe,
Suche as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse,

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.

*** The foregoing little Pastoral of *Phillida and Corydon* is one of the songs in "The Honourable Entertainment gieven to the Queenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford, 1591," 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The thirde daies Entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musicians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in 3 parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note therto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to commaund it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"The Plowman's Song.

"In the merrie month of May," &c.

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is nowhere more strongly painted than in these little diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more

acceptable present be given to the world than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Killingworth, &c., &c., which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

☞ Since the above was written the public hath been gratified with a most complete work on the foregoing subject, entitled, *The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth*, &c. By John Nichols, F.A.S., Edinb. and Perth, 1788, 2 vols. 4to.

XI.

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays.—See Beaum. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 4to, 1613, act v. *The Varietie*, a comedy, 12mo, 1649, act iv., &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, *The Witts*, act iii., a gallant thus boasts of himself:

> "Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,
> And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me."

In the Pepys Collection, vol. iii. p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in thirty-three stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When young men and maides together do goe,
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door,
The priest was at the mass;
But he had more mind of the fine women,
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall;
And then came in my Lord Barnardes wife,
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave
As bright as the summer sunne:
O then bethought him little Musgrave,
"This ladyes heart I have wonne."

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Fulle long and manye a daye:"
"So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durst saye."

"I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,[1]
Full daintilye bedight;
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
Thoust lig in mine armes all night."

Quoth hee, "I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee;
And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee."

All this beheard a litle foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne:
Quoth he, "Thoughe I am my ladyes page,
Yet Ime my Lord Barnardes manne.

"My Lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe."
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He layd him downe to swimme.

"Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life;
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Little Musgrave's abed with thy wife."

"If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

"But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

[1] Bucklefield-berry. fol. MS.

"Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede;
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury,
God wott, I had never more neede."

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever Lord Barnardes horne it blewe,
"Awaye, Musgrave, away."

"Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jaye,
Methinkes I heare Lord Barnards horne;
I would I were awaye."

"Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold;
For it is but some shephardes boye
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

"Is not thy hawke upon the pearche
Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gaye lady within thine armes,—
And wouldst thou be away?"

By this Lord Barnard was come to the dore,
And lighted upon a stone;
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheete;
"How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?"

"I find her sweete," quoth little Musgrave,
"The more is my griefe and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine."

"Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy cloathes nowe on;
It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

V. 64, Is whistling sheepe ore the mold. fol. MS

"I have two swordes in one scabbarde,
Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse."

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard strucke,
Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
"Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave,
Yet for thee I will praye;

"And wishe well to thy soule will I,
As long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife."

He cut her pappes from off her brest,
Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
Run trickling downe her knee.

"Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
You never were borne for my goode;
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
When you sawe me wax so woode?

"For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte
That ever rode on a steede;
So have I done the fairest lady
That ever ware womans weede.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cryde,
"To putt these lovers in;
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
For shee comes o' the better kin."

☞ That the more modern copy is to be dated about the middle of the last century, will be readily conceived from the tenour of the concluding stanza, viz.—

"This sad Mischief by Lust was wrought:
Then let us call for Grace
That we may shun the wicked vice,
And fly from Sin a-pace."

XII.

The Ew-Bughts Marion.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This sonnet appears to be ancient: that, and its simplicity of sentiment, have recommended it to a place here.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?
The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweit as thee.
O Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blyth blinks in her ee;
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in zour garters, Marion;
And siller on zour white hauss-bane;[1]
Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.
Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;
Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quay;
Ise gie tham au to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

[1] *Hauss-bane, i. e.* the neck-bone. Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a riband, a usual ornament in Scotland; where a sore throat is called "*a sair hause*," properly *halse*.

And zees get a grein sey apron,
And waistcote o' London broun,
And wow bot ze will be vaporing
Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,
None dance lik mee on the greine;
And gin ze forsak me, Marion,
Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle oth' cramasie,
And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
I sall cum west and see zee.

XIII.

The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.

This ballad (given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to *Gul. Newbrig. Hist.* Oxon. 1719, 8vo, vol. i. p. lxx. It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of *The Pilgrim*, act iv. sc. 1.

There was a shepherds daughter
Came tripping on the waye,
And there by chance a knighte shee mett,
Which caused her to staye.

"Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,"
These words pronounced hee;
"O I shall dye this daye," he sayd,
"If Ive not my wille of thee."

"The Lord forbid," the maide replyde,
"That you shold waxe so wode!"
But for all that shee could do or saye,
'He wold not be withstood.'

[1] *Earl Richard* and *Earl Lithgow* are the titles of the Scottish versions of this poem, which Professor Child considers superior to the English in every respect.—*Editor.*

"Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if your are a courteous knighte,
Tell me what is your name?"

"Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille;
But when I come to the kings fair courte,
They calle me Wilfulle Wille."

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water,
She sett her brest and swamme;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To saye, "Faire maide, will ye ride?"
'And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, "Sir Knighte, abide."'

When she came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring:
So readye was the king himself
To let this faire maid in.

"Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see;
You have a knighte within your courte
This daye hath robbed mee."

"What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small?"

"He hath not robbed mee, my liege,
Of purple nor of pall;
But he hath gotten my maiden-head,
Which grieves mee worst of all."

"Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall bee."

He called downe his merrye men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe fulle fortye pounde,
Tyed up withinne a glove:
"Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee;
Go seeke thee another love."

"O Ile have none of your gold," she saydc,
"Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee."

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, "Faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde."

"Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,"
These words then answered shee,
"But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee."

"Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drink the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

"Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather that ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!"

Ver. 50. His bodye Ile give to thee. This was agreeable to the feudal customs: the lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals.—See Shakspeare's *All's well that ends well.*

"A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let mee bee;
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee."

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughter,
And he but a squires sonne.

"Now marrye me, or not, Sir Knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
Ile make you lord of three."

"Ah! cursed bee the gold;" he sayd,
"If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe."

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joyned hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

XIV.

The Shepherd's Address to his Muse.

This poem, originally printed from the small MS. volume mentioned above in No. x., has been improved by a more perfect copy in *England's Helicon*, where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe
With some sweete harmony;
This wearie eye is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love, begon a while,
Thou seest my heavines;
Beautie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

See how my little flocke,
That lovde to feede on highe,
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so freshe and greene,
Doe all their deintie colors leese,
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the rest are now at hushe,
And not a note they singe.

Swete Philomele, the birde
That hath the heavenly throte,
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have loste their savoure,
And Phillida the faire hath lost
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights,
It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
That knowest what helpe is best,
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
To sett my harte at rest;

And in a dreame bewraie
What fate shal be my frende;
Whether my life shall still decaye,
Or when my sorrowes ende.

XV.

Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl." In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the kings deere;
Faire Ellinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her deare.

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he sayd,
"And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinor,
And let the browne girl alone?"

"The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Faire Ellinor she has got none;
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home."

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinor,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring;
And who was so readye as faire Ellinor,
To lett Lord Thomas withinn?

"What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas," she sayd
"What newes dost thou bring to mee?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad newes for thee."

"O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she sayd,
"That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been the bride my selfe
And thou to have been the bridegrome."

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she sayd,
"And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home?"

"There are manye that are your friendes, daughter,
And manye a one your foe;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas his wedding don't goe."

"There are manye that are my friendes, mother;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas his wedding I'ld goe."

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene;
And as they rid through every towne,
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so readye as Lord Thomas,
To lett faire Ellinor in.

"Is this your bride?" fair Ellinor sayd;
"Methinks she looks wonderous browne;
Thou mightest have had as faire a woman
As ever trod on the grounde."

"Despise her not, fair Ellin," he sayd,
"Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love thy little finger,
Than all her whole bodèe."

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte.

Ver. 29, It should probably be, Reade me, read, &c., *i. e.* Advise me, advise.

"O Christ thee save," Lord Thomas, hee sayd,
"Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour,
As ever the sun shone on."

"O art thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she sayd,
"Or canst thou not very well see?
O dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee?"

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walked about the halle,
He cut off his brides head from her shoulders,
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilte against the groundc,
And the point against his harte;
There never three lovers together did meete,
That sooner againe did parte.

*** The reader will find a Scottish song on a similiar subject to this towards the end of this volume, entitled, *Lord Thomas and Lady Annet*.

XVI.

Cupid and Campaspe.

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play, entited, *Alexander and Campaspe*, written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591; but this copy is given from a later edition.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how,)
With these, the crystal of his browe,

And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVII.

The Lady turned Serving-Man

is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones) upon the popular ballad, entitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men; or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a ladye faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee :
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire.
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame;

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my mans attire to weare;
And in my beaver, hose and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
I sate me downe to rest awhile;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same,
Askt who I was and whence I came.

Then to his Grace I did replye,
"I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree."

"Stand up, faire youth," the king reply'd,
"For thee a service I'll provyde.
But tell me first what thou canst do;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward?

"Chuse, gentle youth," said he "thy place."
Then I reply'd, "If it please Your Grace
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee."

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullie
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide:
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind;
I wept to see my mans array;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest;
With silken robes and jewels rare,
I deckt me, as a ladye faire;

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

"My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford;
My mother was a lady bright;
My husband was a valiant knight;

"And I myself a ladye gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my musicke every day
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins faire and free
Continually to wait on mee.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled;
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man."

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the sudden home againe;

And when he reach'd his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen and to see
Who sung there so melodiouslie.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,
And found to his amazement there
Sweet William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, "Faire ladye, rise
And dry," said he, "those lovelye eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which shall turne to thy availe."

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame and hung my head
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his Royal Grace
Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

"Ah! no, my liege," I firmlye sayd,
"I'll rather in my grave be layd;
And though Your Grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part."

"Faire ladye, pardon me," sayd hee,
"Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
And since it is soe fairly tryde
Thou shalt become my royal bride."

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife.
The like before was never seene:
A serving-man became a queene.

* * *

XVIII.

Gil Morrice.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing to "a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109 to ver. 121, and from ver. 124 to ver. 129, but are, perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation).

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein, though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revisal.

N.B.—The Editor's MS. instead of *Lord Barnard*, has *John Stewart*, and instead of *Gil Morrice*, *Child Maurice*, which last is probably the original title.—See above, p. 141.

GIL MORRICE was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide:
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay
That livd on Carron side.

"Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horse-back ze sall ride."

"O no! O no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife."
"My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie," he sayd:
"How can ze strive against the stream?
For I shall be obeyd."

"Bot, O my master dear!" he cry'd,
"In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain."
"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi speid:
If ze refuse my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

"Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."

"Yes, I will gae zour blacke errand,
Though it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me well nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.

Ver 11, something seems wanting here. V. 32 and 68, perhaps, bout the hem.

The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt;
As ze will see before it's nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

"And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae sair against my will,
I'se make a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill."
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod,
Before that it be late.

"Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane.

"And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive:
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice;
Speir nae bauld barons leave."
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' her ee;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

V. 58. Could this be the wall of the castle?

"Its surely to my bow'r-womàn ;
It neir could be to me."
"I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady ;
I trow that ze be she."
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee) :
'If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It's deir welcum to mee."

"Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady ;
I trow ze be nae shee."

Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee ;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and 'mazer[1]' dish
In flinders he gard flee.

"Gae bring a robe of zour clidìng,
That hings upon the pin ;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
"O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane."

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
"O what mean a' the folk comìng ?
My mother tarries lang."
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva's loome ;
His lipps like roses drapping dew ;
His breath was a' perfume.

V. 88, perhaps, loud say I heire.
[1] *i. e.* a drinking cup of maple ; other edit. read *ezar*.

His browe was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses glow;
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gill Morice
Kameing his zellow hair
That sweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel;
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautiè,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head sall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And set it on a speir:
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.

V. 128 So Milton,—

"Vernal delight and joy: able to drive
All sadness but despair."—*Paradise Lost*, iv. 155.

The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Both and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair."
And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kissd baith mouth and chin:
"I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

"I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip."

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
"O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!"
"Away, away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee."

"Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that saim speir, O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice' head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tak hir life
That neir to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind."
"Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae me;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

"With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

"I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain."

*** This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of *Douglas*.

Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of *Child Maurice*, pronounced by the common people *Cheild* or *Cheeld*, which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention, that other copies read ver. 110, thus:

"Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver, 116, as follows:

"His een like azure sheene."

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK VIII.

I.

The Legend of Sir Guy

contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story-books, and is commonly entitled, "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and died in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525, and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430.—See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted, is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (viz.,

> "Men speken of romances of price,
> Of Horne childe and Ippotis,
> Of Bevis, and Sir Guy," &c. R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bridals, as we learn from Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 4to, 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black-letter, "Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland." in 34 sheets, 4to, without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymer, take his description of the dragon mentioned in verse 105 of the following ballad:

> "A messenger came to the king.
> Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
> For bad tydinges I bring you.
> In Northumberlande there is no man,
> But that they be slayne everychone:
> For there dare no man route,

By twenty myle rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe.
He is blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough fole;
His bodye from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce it is so harde;
His neck is great as any summere;
He renneth as swift as any distrere;
Pawes he hath as a lyon:
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
Great winges he hath to flight,
That is no man that bare him might.
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him certayne:
For a fowler beast then is he,
Ywis of none never heard ye."

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish Champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, ætat. Guy 67.—See his Warwickshire.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad v. book vii., but which is the original, and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94, 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii., sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys Collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love shee wold grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sword and speare in feild to fight.

Ver. 9, The proud sir Guy. P.C.

An English man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a christyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athèlstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladyes love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth;

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,
To helpe the emperour in his right,
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight:

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue;
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

V. 17, Two hundred. MS. and P.C.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye,
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright;
Where I the Duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis, lady bright;
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the giant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought;
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' near Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength;
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doe lye;
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye,
And there exposed to lookers viewe,
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrye sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermitts life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

V. 94, 192, doth lye. MS.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde
By which shee knewe me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closd up my dying eyes;
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave,
And like a palmer dyed I,
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold,
My statue, faire engraven in stone,
In Warwicke still you may behold.

II.

Guy and Amarant.

The Editor found this poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of Sir Guy: for, upon comparing it with the common story-book, 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctifyed ground
Whereas the Jewes fayre cityе sometime stood,
Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crownd,
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood.

To see the sepulcher was his intent,
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
And passed desart places full of danger;
At last with a most woefull wight[1] did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger,
For he had fifteen sonnes made captives all
To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength,
Who, in a castle which he held, had chaind them.
Guy questions where, and understands at length
The place not farr.—"Lend me thy sword," quoth hee;
"Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free."

With that he goes and lays upon the dore
Like one that sayes, I must and will come in.
The gyant never was soe rowz'd before,
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin;
Soe takes his keyes and clubb, and cometh out,
Staring with ireful countenance about.

"Sirra," quoth hee, "what busines hast thou heere?
Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?
Didst never heare noe ransome can him cleere
That in the compasse of my furye falls?
For making me to take a porters paines,
With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines."

"Gyant," quoth Guy, "y'are quarrelsome, I see;
Choller and you seem very neere of kin;
Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee;
I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin.
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,
Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right."

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same
About the head, the shoulders, and the side,
Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride,
Putting such vigour to his knotty beame
That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

[1] Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe,
Did brush his plated coat against his will:
Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle
To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,
And sayd to Guy, "As thou'rt of humane race,
Sl ow itt in this, give natures wants their dewe;
Let me but goe and drinke in yonder place;
Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing
Than to graunt life thats given by the spring."

"I graunt thee leave," quoth Guye, "goe drink thy last,
Go pledge the dragon and the salvage bore,[2]
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past;
But never thinke to taste cold water more;
Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouse;
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house."

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst,
Takeing the water in extremely like
Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,
Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke;
Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands
That Guy, admiring, to behold it stands.

"Come on," quoth Guy, "let us to worke againe;
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
The fish which in the river doe remaine
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong;
But I will see their satisfaction made;
With gyants blood they must and shall be payd."

"Villaine," quoth Amarant, "Ile crush thee streight;
Thy life shall pay thy daring toungs offence!
This clubb, which is about some hundred weight,
Is deathes commission to dispatch thee hence!
Dresse thee for ravens dyett, I must needes,
And breake thy bones as they were made of reedes!"

[2] Which Guy had slain before.

Ver. 64, bulke. MS. and P.cc.

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes
Which like two pillars did his body beare.
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,
And desperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes,

Which did directly on his body light
Soe violent and weighty there-withall,
That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
And ere he cold recover from the fall,
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,
And aimd a stroke that wonderfullye mist.

"Traytor," quoth Guy, "thy falshood Ile repay,
This coward act to intercept my bloode."
Sayes Amarant, "Ile murther any way;
With enemyes, all vantages are good;
O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
Besure of it I wold dispatch thee soe!"

"Its well," said Guy, "thy honest thoughts appeare
Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell,
Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,
But will be landlords when thou comest in hell.
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men!

"But breathe thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke
My thirst wolde serve to drinke an ocean drye.
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."
Quoth Amarant, "Thou hast noe foole of mee!

"Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
How I shold use such enemyes as thou.
By all my gods I doe rejoice at itt,
To understand that thirst constraines thee now;
For all the treasure that the world containes,
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

"Releeve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans part!
Refresh an adversarye, to my wrong!
If thou imagine this, a child thou art.
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long
To be soe simple now I know thy want;
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant."

And with these words, heaving aloft his clubb
Into the ayre, he swings the same about,
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
And like the Cyclops in his pride doth strout:
"Sirra," says hee, "I have you at a lift;
Now you are come unto your latest shift;

"Perish forever; with this stroke I send thee
A medicine that will doe thy thirst much good;
Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood!
Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,
To please my furye with thine overthrow!"

"Infernall, false, obdurate feend," said Guy,
"That seemst a lumpe of crueltye from hell;
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny
The thing to mee wherin I used thee well,
With more revenge than ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

"The gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof.
Farewell my thirst! I doe disdaine to drinke.
Streames, keepe your waters to your owne behoof,
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;
With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

"Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will;
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout;
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,—
It is not that same clubb will beare you out,—
And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne"—
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide,
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape unblest,—
Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide
To open and to shut,—till life was spent.
Then Guy tooke keyes, and to the castle went,

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
Which had beene tyred with extremityes,
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reasoned with them of their miseryes.
Eche told a tale with teares and sighes and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,
That were surprised in the desart wood,
And had noe other dyett everye day
But flesh of humane creatures for their food;
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
And in their wombes their husbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sound's direction on he goes
Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,
Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate:

That he unlockes, and enters where appeares
The strangest object that he ever saw,
Men that with famishment of many years
Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw!
Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe;
Others head-downward; by the middle, some.

With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint.
Then the perplexed knight their father calls,
And sayes, "Receive thy sonnes, though poore and faint:
I promisd you their lives; accept of that;
But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

"The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell;
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease;
For pittyes sake use wronged women well:
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do,
But poore weake women have not strength thereto."

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete.
"Father," quoth he, "refraine soe base a kiss!
For age to honor youth, I hold unmeete;
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man."

*** The foregoing poem on *Guy and Amarant* has been discovered to be a fragment of "The famous historie of Guy earle of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649," 4to, in xii. cantos, beginning thus:

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known, but the author, Sam. Rowlands, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the history of Guy was one of his earliest performances. There are extant of his: (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c. 1598," 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.] (2.) "A Theatre of delightful Recreation, Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605," 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament. (3.) "Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse. Lond. 1618," 4to. (4.) "Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror." Lond. 1638, 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition, the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

III.

The Auld Good-man.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, &c., which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

Late in an evening forth I went
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun:
A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife,
I canna weel tell ye how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
Cryeng, "Evir alake, mine auld goodman!"

HE.

"Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
For he did spend and make an end
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan;
He gart the poor stand frae the door;
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman."

SHE.

"My heart, alake! is liken to brake,
Whan I think on my winsome John,
His blinkan ee and gait sae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone;
Wi' his rosie face and flaxen hair,
And skin as white as ony swan,
He was large and tall, and comely withall;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman."

HE.

"Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein;
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please
Now whan our gear gins to grow scant.
Of houshold stuff thou hast enough;
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman."

SHE.

"Yes, I may tell and fret my sell
To think on those blyth days I had,
Whan I and he together ley
In armes into a well-made bed;
But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman."

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day;
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae longer stay.
Then up he gat and ran his way,
I trowe, the wife the day she wan;
And aye the owreword of the fray
Was, "Evir alake! mine auld goodman!"

IV.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, acts ii. and iii.; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, "Fair Margaret's Misfortune; or, Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding-night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers."

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

"You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you."

And the following stanza,

"When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margarets grimly ghost
And stood at Williams feet."

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language.—See the song entitled *Margaret's Ghost*, at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Marg'ret,
And stood at Williams feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" shee said,
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
And my bride-bed full of blood."

Ver. 31, 35, swine. P.CC.

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladiè."

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethrèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet;
"Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan.
She hath lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin:
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous mone,
"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
By day, nor yet by night.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:[1]
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

[1] Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

V.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty.

Given, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy entitled, "Barbara Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy."

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin;
"You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen."

" Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
" Yong man, I think y'are dying."

He turnd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
" O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying."

" If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
" Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen!'

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
" Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
" Laye down, laye down the corps," she sayd,
" That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin,
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
" Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe;
" O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

"Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!"

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

"Farewell," she sayd, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

* * *

VI.

Sweet William's Ghost.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip;
Nor yet thy brother John;
But tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till thou take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in a kirk-yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee."

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best;
"Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That 'I' were gane away."

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay,"
The constant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

VII.

Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallan,
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrye
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice wher she was dwellan:
"O haste and cum to my maister deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly raise she up,
To the plaice wher he was lyan;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think ye're dyan."[1]

[1] An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes *dyand* and *lyand* ought to be transposed; as the taunt, 'Young man, I think ye're lyand,' would be very characteristical.

"O its I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

"Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,
Whan ye the cups wer fillan,
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan;
"Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan."

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him;
And sighan said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan;
And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
Cried, "Wae to Barbara Allan!"

"O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
Ise die for him to-morrowe."

* * *

VIII.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited; or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington."

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son:
He loved the baylifes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see,—
"Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she sayd,
"Will ease me of much paine."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne."
"At Islington, kind sir," sayd shee,
"Where I have had many a scorne."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

IX.

The Willow-Tree.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter Collection, entitled, "The Golden Garland of princely Delights;" collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

"How now, shepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?"

CUDDY.

"They are chang'd, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree."

WILLY.

"Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong?
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turned to a jest?"

CUDDY.

"Shee that long true love profest,
Shee hath robb'd my heart of rest;
For she a new love loves, not mee;
Which makes me wear the willow-tree."

WILLY.

"Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine;
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu."

CUDDY.

"Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease;
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willow-tree."

WILLY.

"Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree;
For thy grief brings her content:
She is pleas'd if thou lament."

CUDDY.

"Herdsman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree;
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day."

* * *

X.

The Lady's Fall

is given (with corrections) from the Editor's ancient folio MS collated with two printed copies in black-letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall." To the tune of *In pescod time*, &c. The ballad here referred to is preserved in the *Muses Library*, 8vo, p. 281.

It is an allegory or vision, entitled, *The Shepherd's Slumber*, and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.:

"In pescod time when hound to horn
Gives eare till buck be kil'd,
And little lads with pipes of corne
Sate keeping beasts a-field.

"I went to gather strawberries
By woods and groves full fair," &c.

Marke well my heavy, dolefull tale,
You loyall lovers all,
And heedfully beare in your brest
A gallant ladyes fall.
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne
To lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrowe
Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent
And yeelded to his will,
Though he protested to be true
And faithfull to her still.
Shee felt her body altered quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale,
Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white,
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
This beauteous ladye milde,
With greeved hart, perceived herselfe
To have conceived with childe.
Shee kept it from her parents sight
As close as close might bee,
And soe put on her silken gowne
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly
Her greefe she did bewray,
And, walking with him hand in hand,
These words to him did say:
"Behold," quoth shee, "a maids distresse
By love brought to thy bowe;
Behold I goe with childe by thee,
Tho none thereof doth knowe.

"The litle babe springs in my wombe
To heare its fathers voyce,
Lett it not be a bastard called,
Sith I made thee my choyce.
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe,
And wed me out of hand;
O leave me not in this extreme
Of griefe, alas! to stand.

"Think on thy former promises,
Thy oathes and vowes eche one:
Remember with what bitter teares
To mee thou madest thy moane.
Convay me to some secrett place
And marry me with speede;
Or with thy rapyer end my life,
Ere further shame proceede."

"Alacke! my beauteous love," quoth hee,
"My joye and only dear,
Which way can I convay thee hence,
When dangers are so near?
Thy friends are all of hye degree,
And I of meane estate;
Full hard it is to gett thee forthe
Out of thy fathers gate."

"Dread not thy life to save my fame,
For, if thou taken bee,
My selfe will step betweene the swords,
And take the harme on mee:
Soe shall I scape dishonor quite,
And if I should be slaine,
What could they say but that true love
Had wrought a ladyes bane.

"But feare not any further harme;
My selfe will soe devise
That I will ryde away with thee
Unknowen of mortall eyes;

Disguised like some pretty page
Ile meet thee in the darke,
And all alone Ile come to thee
Hard by my fathers parke."

"And there," quoth hee, "Ile meete my deare,
If God soe lend me life,
On this day month without all fayle
I will make thee my wife."
Then with a sweet and loving kisse
They parted presentlye,
And att their partinge brinish teares
Stoode in eche others eye.

Att length the wished day was come
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes and strange attire,
For her true lover stayd.
When any person shee espyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love;
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle
Her most unhappy fate;
Then did shee speake these woefull words,
As succourless she sate;
"O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,
Disloyall in thy love,
Hast thou forgott thy promise past,
And wilt thou perjured prove?

"And hast thou now forsaken mee
In this my great distresse,
To end my dayes in open shame,
Which thou mightst well redresse?
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine;
Wold God that I had never scene
The teares of thy false eyne."

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards shee went againe;
Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
Shee felt such privye paine.
In travail strong shee felt that night,
With many a bitter throwe;
What woefull paines shee then did feel
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd
That lay at her bedds feete,
Who, musing at her mistress woe,
Began full fast to weepe.
"Weepe not," said shee, "but shutt the dores
And windowes round about,
Let none bewray my wretched state,
But keepe all persons out."

'O mistress, call your mother deare,
Of women you have neede,
And of some skilfull midwifes helpe
That better may you speed."
"Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor fetch no woman here;
The midwifes helpe comes all too late,
My death I doe not feare."

With that the babe sprang from her wombe
No creature being nye,
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,
This gentle dame did dye.
The lovely litle infant younge,
The mother being dead,
Resigned its new received breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the newes,
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
Whom eche one did accuse.

The mother with her new borne babe
Were laide both in one grave;
Their parents overworne with woe,
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you dayntye damsells all,
Of flattering words beware,
And to the honour of your name
Have an especial care.
Too true, alas this story is,
As many one can tell;
By others harmes learne to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

XI.

Waly, Waly, Love be Bonny.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions, instead of the four last lines in the second stanza, have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed:

"When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And muscles grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw',
Then sall my love prove true to me."
See the *Orpheus Caledonius*, &c.

Arthur's-seat, mentioned in verse 17, is a hill near Edinburgh; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinnd it with a siller pin.
And, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurses knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again Ise never be.

XII.

The Wanton Wife of Bath.[1]

From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys Collection. Mr. Addison has pronounced this an excellent ballad.—See the *Spectator*, No. 248.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
As Chaucer he doth write,
Who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sicke she was,
And at the length did dye;
And then her soul at Heaven's gate
Did knocke most mightilye.

First Adam came unto the gate:
"Who knocketh there?" quoth hee.
"I am the Wife of Bath," she sayd,
"And faine would come to thee."

"Thou art a sinner," Adam sayd,
"And here no place shalt have;"
"And so art thou, I trowe," quoth shee,
"'And eke a' doting knave."

"I will come in in spight," she sayd,
"Of all such churles as thee;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our paine and misery;

"And first broke God's commandiments,
"In pleasure of thy wife:"
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ranne away for life.

Ver. 16. Now gip you. P.

[1] This ballad was admitted by Percy into the earlier editions of the *Reliques*, though excluded from the revised edition of 1794.—*Editor.*

Then downe came Jacob at the gate,
And bids her packe to hell:
"Thou false deceiving knave," quoth she,
"Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
And thine own brother too:"
Away 'slunk' Jacob presently,
And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
And Lot he chides her straite:
"How now," quoth she, "thou drunken ass,
Who bade thee here to prate?

"With thy two daughters thou didst lye,
On them two bastardes got:"
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.

"Who calleth there," quoth Judith then,
"With such shrill sounding notes?"
"This fine minkes surely came not here,"
Quoth she, "for cutting throats!"

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame,
When she heard her say soe!
King David hearing of the same,
He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, "Who knockes there so loud,
And maketh all this strife?"
"You were more kinde, good sir," she sayd,
"Unto Uriah's wife.

"And when thy servant thou didst cause
In battle to be slaine,
Thou causedst far more strife than I,
Who would come here so faine."

"The woman's mad," quoth Solomon,
"That thus doth taunt a king;"
"Not half so mad as you," she sayd,
"I trowe, in manye a thing.

"Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didst provide,
And yet, God wot, three hundred whores
Thou must maintain beside.

"And they made thee forsake thy God,
And worship stockes and stones;
Besides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

"Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;
And therefore I do marvel much
How thou this place hast enter'd."

"I never heard," quoth Jonas then,
"So vile a scold as this;"
"Thou whore-son, run-away," quoth she,
"Thou diddest more amiss."

"'They say,'" quoth Thomas, "womens tongues
Of aspen-leaves are made;"
"Thou unbelieving wretch," quoth she,
"All is not true that's sayd."

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the gate;
Quoth she, "Good woman, you must think
Upon your former state.

"No sinner enters in this place,"
Quoth Mary Magdalene. "Then
'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,"
She answered her agen.

"You for your honestye," quoth she,
"Had once been ston'd to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
And written on the earth.

"It was not by your occupation
You are become divine;
I hope my soul, in Christ his passion,
Shall be as safe as thine."

Ver. 77. I think. P.

Uprose the good apostle Paul;
And to this wife he cried,
"Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here shalt be denved."

"Remember, Paul, what thou hast done
All through a lewd desire,
How thou didst persecute God's church
With wrath as hot as fire."

Then up starts Peter at the last,
And to the gate he hies;
"Fond fool," quoth he, "knock not so fast,
Thou weariest Christ with cries."

"Peter," said she, "content thyselfe,
For mercye may be won;
I never did deny my Christ
As thou thyselfe hast done."

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul,
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercye she did crave;
Quoth he, "Thou hast refus'd
My profferd grace and mercy both,
And much my name abus'd."

"Sore have I sinned, Lord," she sayd,
"And spent my time in vaine;
But bring me, like a wandring sheepe,
Into thy flocke againe.

"O Lord my God, I will amend
My former wicked vice;
The thief for one poor silly word,
Past into Paradise."

"My lawes and my commandiments,"
Saith Christ, "were knowne to thee;
But of the same, in any wise,
Not yet one word did yee."

"I grant the same, O Lord," quoth she;
"Most lewdly did I live;
But yet the loving father did
His prodigal son forgive."

"So I forgive thy soul," he sayd,
"Through thy repenting crye;
Come enter then into my joy,
I will not thee denye."

XIII.

The Bride's Burial.

From two ancient copies in black-letter: one in the Pepys Collection, the other in the British Museum.

To the tune of *The Lady's Fall.*

Come mourne, come mourne with mee,
You loyall lovers all;
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,
Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine,
Cut by the gardener's knife,
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,
My turtle dove is slaine,
And I am left, unhappy man,
To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty late so bright,
Like roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountain snowe,
Before warme Phebus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks
Now pale and wan; her eyes,
That late did shine like crystal stars,
Alas, their light it dies.

Her pretty lilly hands
With fingers long and small,
In colour like the earthlye claye,
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star
Her golden gates had spred,
And that the glittering sun arose
Forth from fair Thetis' bed;

Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower,
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then
Like Flora in her pride,
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helen's face
Did Grecian dames besmirche,
So did my dear exceed in sight
All virgins in the church.

When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock-band,
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,
So stood we hand in hand;

Then lo! a chilling cold
Strucke every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,
As cold as any stone;
Like Venus picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home.

At length her rosye red
Throughout her comely face,
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes,
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,
And voice both hoarse and drye,
"Farewell," quoth she, "my loving friend,
For I this daye must dye;

"The messenger of God
With golden trumpe I see,
With manye other angels more
Which sound and call for mee.

"Instead of musicke sweet,
Go toll my passing-bell;
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

"Strip off my bride's arraye,
My cork shoes from my feet;
And, gentle mother, be not coye
To bring my winding-sheet.

"My wedding dinner drest,
Bestowe upon the poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maimde,
Now craving at the door.

"Instead of virgins yong
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter
To make a chest for mee.

"My bride laces of silk
Bestowd, for maidens meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

"And thou, my lover true,
My husband and my friend,
Let me intreat thee here to staye,
Until my life doth end.

"Now leave to talk of love,
And humblye on your knee,
Direct your prayers unto God:
But mourn no more for mee.

"In love as we have livde,
In love let us depart;
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss thee with my heart.

"O staunch those bootless teares,
Thy weeping tis in vaine;
I am not lost, for wee in heaven
Shall one daye meet againe."

With that shee turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And, like a lamb, departed life:
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groane,
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,
And thus he made his moane.

"O darke and dismal daye,
A daye of grief and care,
That hath bereft the sun so bright,
Whose beams refresht the air.

"Now woe unto the world
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in heaven,
For here I live in hell!"

And now this lover lives
A discontented life,
Whose bride was brought unto the grave
A maiden and a wife.

A garland fresh and faire
Of lillies there was made,
In sign of her virginitye,
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white,
Did beare her to the ground;
The bells did ring in solemn sort,
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,
For hungry wormes a preye;
So shall the fairest face alive
At length be brought to claye.

XIV.

Dulcina.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, chap. ii. It is more ancient than the ballad of *Robin Good-fellow*, printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested
In her sweete and shady bower
Came a shepherd and requested
In her lapp to sleepe an hour.
But from her looke
A wounde he tooke
Soe deepe, that for a further boone
The nymph he prayes.
Wherto shee sayes,
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence soe;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe.
Where lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
"What boots?" she say,
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."

He demands what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now;
She sayes, "Night gives love that leysure
Which the day can not allow."
He sayes, "The sight
'Improves delight."
'Which she denies; "Nights mirkie noone
In Venus' playes
Makes bold," shee sayes;
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."'

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of suche beautye for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Foregoe the present joyes of noone?
Though ne'er soe faire
Her speeches were,
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
Shee was fayre and he was young.
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers:
Joyes unseene are never sung.
Did shee consent,
Or he relent?
Accepts he night, or grants shee noone?
Left he her a mayd
Or not? She sayd,
"Forgoe me now, come to me soone."

XV.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263, folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's

Cruelty; being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of *The Lady's Fall.*" To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, entitled "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble traine
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine,
To see both sport and playe,
His ladye went, as she did feigne,
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature faire was shee;
She was her fathers only joye;
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook
To take her life awaye;
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did saye:—

"Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,
Go hasten presentlie,
And tell unto the master-cook
These wordes that I tell thee.

"And bid him dresse to dinner streight
That faire and milk-white doe
That in the park doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe."

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mothers will;
And presentlye she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell;
And there she spied the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell.

"Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell;
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well."

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,
He on the ladye layd;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd:

"Thou art the doe that I must dresse;
See here, behold my knife;
For it is pointed presently
To ridd thee of thy life."

"O then," cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee,
"O save her life, good master-cook,
And make your pyes of mee!

"For pityes sake do not destroye
My ladye with your knife;
You know shee is her father's joye,
For Christes sake save her life!"

"I will not save her life," he sayd,
"Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee."

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sit downe and eat,
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

"Now sit you downe," his ladye sayd,
"O sit you downe to meat;
Into some nunnery she is gone;
Your daughter deare forget."

Then solemnlye he made a vowe
Before the companie,
That he would neither eat nor drinke,
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
With a loud voice so hye;
"If now you will your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pye:

"Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
And parched with the fire;
All caused by her step-mothèr,
Who did her death desire.

"And cursed bee the master-cook,
O cursed may he bee!
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
From death to set her free."

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne,
And for his daughters sake,
He judged her cruell step-mothèr
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
In boiling lead to stand,
And made the simple scullion-boye
The heire of all his land.

XVI.

The Hue and Cry after Cupid.

This song is a kind of translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fuggitivo*, generally printed with his *Aminta*, and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of Lord Viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1608. One stanza, full of dry mythology, is here omitted, as it had been dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume, called *Le Prince d'Amour.* Lond. 1660. 8vo.

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blinde;
Cruel now, and then as kinde?
If he bee amongst yee, say;
He is Venus' run away.

Shee, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kisse,
How, and where herselfe would wish:
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie;
You may know him among twentie;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
Which being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart;
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes which outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell;

Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest bloud;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet;
All his practice is deceit;
Everie gift is but a bait;
Not a kisse but poyson beares;
And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the straggler makes his gaine
By presenting maids with toyes,
And would have yee thinke 'hem joyes;
'Tis the ambition of the elfe
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though yee had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,
Since yee heare this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVII.

The King of France's Daughter.

The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph, king of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France; whence she was carried off by Baldwin, Forester of Flanders; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of *Crimson Velvet*."

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme, an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish,
Storyes plaine have told
Lovers felt annoye.
The queene a daughter bare,
Whom beautye's queene did nourish;
She was lovelye faire,
She was her fathers joye.

A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
But he was exil'd and outcast;
Love his soul did fire,
Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her father proved,
Sorelye he was moved
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them,
And, to discontent them,—
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinges disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode,
The lady soone prepar'd
Her jewells and her treasure,
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode.
In homelye poore array
She went from court away,
To meet her joye and hearts delight;
Who in a forrest great
Had taken up his seat,
To wayt her coming in the night.
But, lo! what sudden danger,
To this princely stranger,

Chancèd as he sate alone!
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone.

The princesse, arm'd by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all,
Still unknowne, she past
In her strange attire,
Coming at the last
Within echoes call.—
"You faire woods," quoth shee,
"Honoured may you bee,
Harbouring my hearts delight,
Which encompass here
My joye and only deare,
My trustye friend, and comelye knight.
Sweete, I come unto thee,
Sweete, I come to woo thee
That thou mayst not angry bee
For my long delaying;
For thy curteous staying
Soone amendes Ile make to thee."

Passing thus alone
Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous grone
Sounded in her eares;
She heard one complayne
And lament the sorest,
Seeming all in payne,
Shedding deadly teares.
"Farewell, my deare," quoth hee,
"Whom I must never see,
For why, my life is att an end
Through villaines crueltye;
For thy sweet sake I dye,
To show I am a faithfull friend.
Here I lye a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding

On the rarest beautye found.
O hard happ that may be!
Little knowes my ladye
My heartes-blood lyes on the ground."

With that a grone he sends
Which did burst in sunder
All the tender bands
Of his gentle heart.
She, who knewe his voice,
At his wordes did wonder;
All her former joyes
Did to griefe convert.
Strait she ran to see
Who this man shold bee,
That soe like her love did seeme;
Her lovely lord she found
Lye slaine upon the ground,
Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.
Which his lady spying,
Shrieking, fainting, crying,
Her sorrows could not uttered bee;
"Fate," she cryed, "too cruell!
For thee—my dearest jewell,
Would God! that I had dyed for thee."

His pale lippes, alas!
Twentye times she kissèd,
And his face did wash
With her trickling teares;
Every gaping wound
Tenderlye she pressed,
And did wipe it round
With her golden haires.
"Speake, fair love," quoth shee,
"Speake, faire prince, to mee;
One sweete word of comfort give;
Lift up thy deare eyes,
Listen to my cryes,
Thinke in what sad griefe I live."
All in vaine she sued,
All in vaine she wooed,

The prince's life was fled and gone;
There stood she still mourning
Till the suns retourning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distresse
Weeping, wayling ever,
Oft shee cryed, alas!
"What will become of mee?
To my fathers court
I returne will never,
But in lowlye sort
I will a servant bee."
While thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
In this deepe and deadlye feare:
A fors'ter all in greene,
Most comelye to be seene,
Ranging the woods did find her there.
Moved with her sorrowe,
"Maid," quoth hee, "good morrowe,
What hard happ has brought thee here?"
"Harder happ did never
Two kinde hearts dissever;
Here lies slaine my brother deare.

"Where may I remaine,
Gentle for'ster, shew me,
'Till I can obtaine
A service in my neede?
Paines I will not spare;
This kinde favour doe mee,
It will ease my care;
Heaven shall be thy meede."
The for'ster all amazed,
On her beautye gazed,
Till his heart was set on fire:
"If, faire maid," quoth hee,
"You will goe with mee,
You shall have your hearts desire."
He brought her to his mother,
And above all other

He sett forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
And fortune crown'd his future dayes.

Thus unknowne he wedde
With a kings faire daughter;
Children seven they had,
Ere she told her birth,
Which when once he knew,
Humblye he besought her,
He to the world might shew
Her rank and princelye worth.
He cloath'd his children then,
(Not like other men)
In partye-colours strange to see;
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold
Of woollen cloth still framèd hee.[1]
Men thereatt did wonder,
Golden fame did thunder
This strange deede in every place;
The King of France came thither,
It being pleasant weather,
In those woods the hart to chase.

The children then they bring,
So their mother will'd it,
Where the royall king
Must of force come bye
Their mothers riche array
Was of crimson velvet;

[1] This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen-dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following motto:

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize;
Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. iii. p. 356.

Their fathers all of gray,
Seemelye to the eye.
Then this famous king,
Noting every thing,
Askt how he durst be so bold
To let his wife soe weare,
And decke his children there
In costly robes of pearl and gold.
The forrester replying,
And the cause descrying,[2]
To the king these words did say,
"Well may they, by their mother,
Weare rich clothes with other,
Being by birth a princesse gay."

The king aroused thus,
More heedfullye beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
His remembrance crost.
"The more I fix my mind
On thy wife and children,
The more methinks I find
The daughter which I lost."
Falling on her knee,
"I am that child," quoth shee,
"Pardon mee, my soveraine liege!"
The king perceiving this
His daughter deare did kiss,
While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.
With his traine he tourned,
And with them sojourned;
Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;
Then made him Erle of Flanders,
And chiefe of his commanders;—
Thus were their sorrowes put to flight.

[2] *i. e.* describing.—See Gloss.

XVIII.

The Sweet Neglect.

This little madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act i. sc. 1, first acted in 1609) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum edit. of Petronius, beginning, "*Semper munditias, semper Basilissa, decoras*," &c. See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 420.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XIX.

The Children in the Wood.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the *Spectator*, No. 85) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter, the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child, which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less

bloody companion; but ere he dies he gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. Its title at large is,—"The Children in the Wood: or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: to the tune of *Rogero*, &c."

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a year

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:

But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
"O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
"God bless you both, my children deare;"
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not feare.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
  The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
  Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
  A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
  To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
  Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
  And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale:
  He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
  With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
  Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
  They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And worke their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
  Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed,
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart
  Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
  Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
  About the childrens life:

And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bade them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
'Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell;
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

Ver. 125, these . . babes. PP.C.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

XX.

A Lover of Late.

Printed, with a few slight corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.

A LOVER of late was I,
For Cupid would have it soe,
The boy that hath never an eye,
As every man doth know.
I sighed, and sobbed, and cryed, alas!
For her that laught and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe
When I saw itt was in vaine
A lady soe coy to wooe,
Who gave me the asse so plaine.
Yet would I her asse freelye bee,
Soe shee would helpe and beare with mee.

An I were as faire as shee,
Or shee were as kind as I,
What payre cold have made, as wee,
Soe prettye a sympathye?
I was as kind as she was faire,
But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will, for mee!
With her I will never paire
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little faire.
The asse Ile leave to her disdaine,
And now I am myselfe againe.

Ver. 13, faine. MS.

XXI.

The King and the Miller of Mansfield.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides the song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this Collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled *John the Reeve*, which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his reeves or bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward the Fourth, and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS., but its length rendered it improper for this

volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled, "A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last;
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I meane not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say;
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king merrily,
"Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe?"
"Good faith," sayd the miller, "I meane not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest that I presently crack thy knaves crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke."
"Thou hast not," quoth th' miller, "one groat in thy purse
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."
"I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
"I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night."
"Here's my hand," quoth the king, "that was I ever."
"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the millers house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse,
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
"Now," quoth hee, "let me see here what you are."
Quoth our king, "Looke your fill, and do not spare."

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face:
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye."
Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well."

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say;
"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, "It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye were a great sin."
"Yea," quoth hee, "you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

"Well," quo' the millers wife, "young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth shee.
"Aye," quoth the good man; "and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

"Nay, first," quoth Richard, "good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?"
"I pray," quoth the king, "what creatures are those?"
"Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby?" quoth he:
"If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee."

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee.'"
"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in everye degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne."
"Do then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste."
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye,
"Eate," quoth the miller, "but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoote!" "In faith," sayd the king,
"I never before eat so daintye a thing."

"I-wis," quoth Richard, "no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day."
"In what place," sayd our king, "may be bought like to this?"
"We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer."

"Then I thinke," sayd our king, "that it is venison."
"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe."

Ver. 80, courtnalls, that courteous be. MS. and P.C.

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promist secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for mee."
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott,' soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede;
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way,
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire."

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

"God save your worshippe," then said the messenger,
"And grant your ladye her own hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day.

"Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place."
"I-wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hang'd at the least."
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake."

Then sayd the miller, "By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well:
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing."

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward,
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say:
"Here comes expenses and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have,
For of new garments we have great need.
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more."

"Tushe, Sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you frett or frowne?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide."

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all,
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine,
"Welcome, sir knight," quoth he, "with your gay lady;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe;
And so is the squire of courage soe free."
Quoth Dicke, "A bots on you! do you know mee?"

Quoth our king gentlye, "How should I forget thee?
Thou wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot."
"Yea, sir," quoth Richard, "and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot."
"Thou whore-son unhappy knave," then quoth the knight,
"Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh***."

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The millers wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight
"Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer."

Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:"

V. 57, for good hap: *i. e.* for good luck; they were going on an hazardous expedition.

V. 60. Maid Marian, in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

But then sayd our king, "Now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here."
"Ho! ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it."

"Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrilye;
"In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily."
Quoth Dicke, "You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all."

"Aye, marry," quoth our king, "that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate:"
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
"'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay."

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
"Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?"
Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head,
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead."

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye:
"Take heed now you steale no more of my deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

XXII.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift, as a term of contempt. "Dryden and Wither" are coupled by him like the Bavius and Mævius of Virgil. Dryden, however, has had justice done him by posterity and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer; and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his lifetime, so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I., he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major-Generals, and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey; but, surviving the Restoration, he out-lived both his power and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2nd of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither was a continual publisher, having generally for opponent Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii. His most popular satire is entitled, *Abuses whipt and stript*, 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogue, entitled, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, 1615, 8vo, and others printed at the end of Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*, 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, entitled, *The Mistresse of Philarete*, 1622, 8vo, which is said in the preface to be one of the author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in may;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be shee with that goodnesse blest
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe
That without them dare to woe;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire;
If she love me, this beleeve:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

XXIII.

Queen Dido.

Such is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, *Eneas, Wandering Prince of Troy*. It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet.

When Troy towne had, for ten yeeres 'past,'
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,
Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good,
And corne now growes where Troy towne stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine that wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
The queene, desirous newes to heare,
'Says, "Of thy Troys unhappy fate,'
Declare to me, thou Trojan deare:
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had."

And then anon this comelye knight,
With words demure, as he cold well,
Of his unhappy ten yeares 'fight,'
Soe true a tale began to tell,
With words soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

Ver. 1, 21, war. MS. and P.2.

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought teares amaine;
That where he sate the place was wett,
As though he had seene those warrs againe:
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
Said, "Worthy prince, enough, no more."

And then the darksome night drew on,
And twinkling starres the skye bespred,
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And every one was layd in bedd:
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappye, alwayes wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone;
That she shold still desire in vaine
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glistering light,
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife
Did arme, her hart as hard as stone;
Yet, something loth to loose her life,
In woefull wise she made her mone;
And, rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighes and sobbs, these words shee sayd:

"O wretched Dido queene!" quoth shee,
"I see thy end approacheth neare;
For hee is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
What, is he gone, and passed by?
O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.

"Though reason says thou shouldst forbeare,
And stay thy hand from bloudy stroke,
Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke
Come death," quoth shee, "resolve my smart!"—
And with those words she peerced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene,
Whose bloudy knife did end the smart
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene,
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone,

Her funerall most costly made,
And all things finisht mournfullye,
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where itt consumed speedilye:
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde,
Her subjects griefe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In Grecya, where he stayd long space,
Wheras her sister in short while
Writt to him to his vile disgrace;
In speeches bitter to his mind
Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

"False-harted wretch," quoth shee, "thou art;
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid
Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
Which unto thee much welcome made;
My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,
Whose folly bred her deere annoy.

"Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
Beseeching God, that every day
Might breed thy great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend;
Heavens send thee such untimely end."

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perused had, and wayed them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;
And straight appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;
Which made this valliant souldier quaile.

"Æneas," quoth this ghastly ghost,
"My whole delight, when I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
My fancy and my will did give;
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankefully thou didst me grave.

"Therfore prepare thy flitting soule
To wander with me in the aire,
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
Because of me thou tookst no care:
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past, thy life is done."

"O stay a while, thou lovely sprite,
Be not soe hasty to convay
My soule into eternall night,
Where itt shall ne're behold bright day:
O doe not frowne; thy angry looke
Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.

"But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootless is my dismall crye;
Time will not be recalled againe,
Nor thou surcease before I dye.
O lett me live, and make amends
To some of thy most dearest friends.

"But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pittye on me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content myselfe to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake."

V. 120, MS. *Hath* made my breath my life forsooke.

And thus, as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye feinds
About this woffull prince did dance:
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day.

XXIV.

The Witches' Song.

From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this Song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to King James I., whose weakness on this head is well known: and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck, the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 WITCH.

"I HAVE been, all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth."

2 WITCH.

"I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares
The spurging of a deadmans eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise."

3 WITCH.

"I, last night, lay all alone
O' the ground to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow."

4 WITCH.

"And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
From charnell houses that were full;
From private grots and publike pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits."

5 WITCH.

"Under a cradle I did crepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath, and rose
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose."

6 WITCH.

"I had a dagger; what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale;
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile."

7 WITCH.

"A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines;
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges that danc'd i' the ayre."

8 WITCH.

"The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The blood of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe Sir Cranion in."

9 WITCH.

"And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane."

10 WITCH.

"I, from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine."

11 WITCH.

"I went to the toad breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wing,—what would you have more?"

DAME.

"Yes, I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild that growes on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:—
And now our orgies let's begin."

XXV.

Robin Good-Fellow.

Alias *Pucke*, alias *Hobgoblin*, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:

"Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet
To earn his creame-bowle duly set:
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,
Bask at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe, that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more

consistent, than many parts of classic mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not everywhere have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of fairies and goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies "The spirits of the mountains." See also preface to Song xxv.

This song, which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson (though it is not found among his works), is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

This ballad is entitled, in the old black-letter copies, "The merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of *Duicina*," &c. (See No. xiv. above.)

From Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag
Or cry, "Ware Goblins!" where I go,
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;

Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox; sometimes, a hound!
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport
I fart and snort;
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kiss;
They shrieke,—"Who's this?"
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.

'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye,
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes, where the vermine creep,
Who from their foldes and houses get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise [1];
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale;* ho, ho, ho!

[1] This word is perhaps corruptly given; being apparently the same with HEYDEGUIES, or HEYDEGUIVES, which occurs in Spenser, and means a "wild frolick dance."—Johnson's Dictionary.

XXVI.

The Fairy Queen.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *Duergar* or *Dwarfs*, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaj Verelj. 1675. Hickes' Thesaur. &c.

This song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book entitled, "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," &c. Lond. 1658, 8vo.

Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be;
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab, your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their armes and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the houshold maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomes head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tailes of wormes and marrow of mice
Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

The grashopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

XXVII.

The Fairies' Farewell.

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.), and is printed from his *Poëtica Stromata*, 1648, 12mo (compared with a third edition of his Poems, 1672). It is there called, "A proper new Ballad, entitled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*.

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,

Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,
In undermeles and in morweninges,
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his limitatioun.
Women may now go safely up and doun,
In every bush, and under every tree,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he ne will don hem no dishonour."

Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, i. p. 255.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1635, ætat 52.

Farewell rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land;
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in Queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punish'd sure;
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;

To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle,
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

*** After these Songs on the Fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's collection of MSS. at Oxford [num. 8259. 1406. 2], are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his great work of transmuting metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted: but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*, will find that these impostors, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies: and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a crystal glass, appears from that extraordinary book, "The Relation of Dr. John Dee's actions with Spirits, 1659," folio.

"An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margarett Barrance; but this will obteine ony one that is not allready bownd.)

"First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth 3 inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne, 3 Wednesdayes, or 3 Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take 3 hazle sticks, or wands of an yeare groth: pill them fayre and white; and make 'them' soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, 3 times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her: and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at 8 or 3 or 10 of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

"An Unguent to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids eveninge and morninge: but especially when you call; or find your sight not perfect.

"R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold-water: the flowers 'to' be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thime, the budds of young hazle: and the thime must be gathered neare the side of a hill where Fayries use to be: and 'take' the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to disolve 3 dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra."

After this receipt for the Unguent follows a form of Incantation, wherein the Alchymist conjures a Fairy, named Elaby Gathon, to appear to him in that crystal glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them: and that they strike with blindness such as, having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal-a-propos.

As for the hazel sticks mentioned above, they were to be, probably, of that species called the Witch Hazel; which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

BOOK IX.

I.

The Birth of St. George.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of *St. George and the Dragon*, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute. Bishop Hall, in his Satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,"

among the most popular stories of his time: and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it[1]: though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faerie Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications; viz.—"The nine worthies of London: 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields: 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c. 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln," 4to, is also by R. J., who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems for the most part copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Syr Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above, page 144], and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions: two of which are in black-letter, 4to, "imprinted by Wyllyam Copland," without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

[1] Mr. Warton. Vide Observations on the Faerie Queen, 2 vols. 1762, 12mo, passim.

"——Whan the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of syr Bevis,
He cast up a loude cry,
As it had thondred in the sky;
He turned his bely towarde the son;
It was greater than any tonne:
His scales was bryghter then the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,
Was forty fote withoute fayle.
He waltred out of his denne,
And Bevis pricked his stede then,
And to him a spere he thraste
That all to shyvers he it braste:
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,
And smote syr Bevis with his tayle:
Then downe went horse and man,
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than."

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

"Hit him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge,
There he was tender without scale,
And Bevis thought to be his bale.
He smote after, as I you saye,
With his good sword Morglaye.
Up to the hiltes Morglay yode
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude:
To the ground fell the dragon,
Great joye syr Bevis begon.
Under the scales al on hight
He smote off his head forth right,
And put it on a spere:" &c. Sign. K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see chapter iii. viz., "The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.——At length . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone,

and blood.—Then St George cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to, Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See notes on Poly-Olbion, song iij.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself; whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story), is the subject of "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of Saint George, &c. By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A., 1792, 8vo."

The equestrian figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "A Dissertation on the Original of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753," 4to. This learned and curious work the author of the Historical and Critical Inquiry would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

Listen, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth;

Distressed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the Christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme;
Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell.

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize.

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone and sad was she;
She nourisht constant woe;
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vaine she strove; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look,
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

"Be comforted, my lady dear;
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

"And for this foul and fearful dream
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away,
But I'll the meaning knowe."

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear;
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews;
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine;
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

"Sir Knight, thy lady beares a son,
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

"His name advanc'd in future times
On banners shall be worn;
But lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born."

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time Lord Albret stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels back;
But when he reach'd his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine,

And bitterly lament and weep,
With many a grievous grone;
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faultering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe;
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

"Three times the sun hath rose and set;"
They said, then stopt to weep,
Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
In death's eternal sleep.

'For, ah! in travel sore she fell,
So sore that she must dye;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye.

"But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declared he,
She, or her babe must lose its life;
Both saved could not be.

"Now take my life, thy lady said,
My little infant save;
And O commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

"O tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife;
And teach my son to lisp her name
Who died to save his life.

"Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee;
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint Lord Albret's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead?

He beat his breast; he tore his hair;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son,
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all;
At length they faultering say:
"Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

"Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien;
And on his little body stampt
Three wonderous marks were seen:

"A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast;
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

"Three carefull nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

"But lo! all in the dead of night
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.

"Dead with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon,
We ran to see our little lord,—
Our little lord was gone!

"But how or where we could not tell;
For lying on the ground,
In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found."

"O grief on grief!" Lord Albret said;
No more his tongue cou'd say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
He nourisht endless woe,
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torne away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown;
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

* * *

II.

St. George and the Dragon.

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing,
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day,
Where many gyants he subdu'd,
In honour of the Christian way;
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that countrey there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore opprest:
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise-men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king,
This answer fram'd incontinent:
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent;
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye;
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might asswage;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore, throughout the city round,
A virgin pure of good degree
Was, by the king's commission, still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour;
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
"She is," quoth he, "my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poisoned nere,
Ere she should die, that is my dear."

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
"Our daughters all are dead," quoth they,
"And have been made the dragon's prey;

"And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter so should die."
"O save my daughter," said the king,
"And let ME feel the dragon's sting."

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
"O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

"Tis better I should dye," she said,
"Than all your subjects perish quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite,
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life."

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
" Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food."
" Lo! here I am, I come," quoth she,
" Therefore do what you will with me."

Nay stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,
" And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go,
To which her tender limbs they bind;
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

" Farewell, my father dear," quoth she,
" And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child;
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye."

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
" Tell me, sweet maiden," then quoth he,
" What caitif thus abuseth thee?

"And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:"
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady, that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
"Here comes that cursed fiend," quoth she,
"That soon will make an end of me."

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most furiously ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his launce that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm;
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield,
He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly, to take the pleasant air;
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk;
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk;
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away:
With letters him in curteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia,
But wrote to the sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly,
By such vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day,
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad,

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd,
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make:
Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto Saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true,
Ere with her he would lead his life;
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait.
These three from Egypt went alone:
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest:
Mean while St. George to kill a deer
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came
  Two hungry lyons, fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
  In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
  And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
  His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lions sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
  Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lyons slay
  Within the Lady Sabra's sight:
Who all this while, sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
  This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
  And all his love did soon renew:
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
  Unto his native dwelling place,
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
  And fortune did his nuptials grace.
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

III.

Love will find out the Way.

This excellent song is ancient: but we could only give it from a modern copy.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest;
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

* * *

IV.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in this volume. See book vii., ballad xv.; and book viii., ballad iv. If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
"A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will."

"Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:"
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to mee:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?"

" The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother gane:
" Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A', sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?"

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye:
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I sall hae nothing to my-sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre."

And he has till his sister gane:
" Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?"

" Ise rede ye take fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
What is this we brought hame!"

" No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land."

Up then rose fair Annets father,
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

" Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
" Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen."

"My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
"And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame."

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he sed,
"Now stay, my dear," he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

V.

Unfading Beauty.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq., one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty. (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died, in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Hee, that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires,
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * * *

VI.

George Barnwell.

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730. As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black-letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus entitled, "An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his master and murdered his vncle in Ludlow" The tune is *The Merchant.*

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened, I have not been able to discover.

THE FIRST PART

All youths of fair Englànd
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day,
Was walking through the street,
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

"Fair mistress," then quoth I,
"If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you;
For I abroad must go,

"To gather monies in,
That are my master's due:
And ere that I do home return
I'll come and visit you."

Good Barnwell," then quoth she,
" Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

" And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be."

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm.

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
" Welcome, sweet Barnwell," then quoth she,
" Unto this homely place.

" And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be,
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me."

" O pardon me," quoth I,
" Fair mistress, I you pray;
For why, out of my master's house
So long I dare not stay."

"Alas, good sir," she said,
"Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

"Faith, then the case is hard,
If it be so," quoth she,
"I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee.

"Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

"Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require."

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
All wrought with silk and gold,
Which she to stay her trickling tears,
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange,
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew
To take her by the hand,
Saying, "Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand?"

"Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

"If thou wouldst here alledge
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy."
Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,
I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.
An hundred kisses then,
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, "Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?
"Oh stay not hence too long;
Sweet George, have me in mind:"
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind.
So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday, without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
"O George," quoth she, "if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye."
Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand,[1]
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

[1] The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c., shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period.

"What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear?" quoth I;
"Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine and die.

"But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend."

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say:
"Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows," quoth she,
"I have it not." "Tush, rise," I said,
"And take it here of me.

"Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay;"
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may showe.

THE SECOND PART.

"YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

"Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound.

"And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee."

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, "What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

"And seeing you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay."

"Why, dear, thou know'st," I said,
"How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit."

Quoth she, "Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

"Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed;
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed."

"Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

"Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

"False woman, now farewell;
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast."

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there,
"Stay, George," quoth she, "thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer.

"Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no," said she, "my love to thee
I-wiss is more than so."

"You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear:
Wherefore I will not trouble you."——
——"Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

"Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall;
But man, we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all."

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to 'get' away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment,
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

"A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

"My father's rich; why then
Should I want store of gold?"
"Nay, with a father, sure," quoth she,
"A son may well make bold."

"I've a sister richly wed;
I'll rob her ere I'll want."
"Nay, then," quoth Sarah, "they may well
Consider of your scant."

"Nay, I an uncle have;
At Ludlow he doth dwell;
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

"Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee,
I'll rob his house, and murder him."
"Why should you not?" quoth she:

"Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate,
On father, friends, and all my kin
I would my talons grate.

"For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

"For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

"Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy ways there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee."

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content,
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.[1]

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

[1] *i. e.* for stopping, and apprehending him at his father's.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruel fact descryed.

"Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave."

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I-wis poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door;
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

"O do me not disgrace
In this my need," quoth he:
She call'd him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be.

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And showed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write,
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent,
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains;
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth
That after harlots haunt,
Who in the spoil of other men
About the streets do flaunt.

VII.

The Stedfast Shepherd.

These beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the First Volume: see the song entitled, *The Shepherd's Resolution*, book v. song xxi. In the first edition of this work, only a small fragment of this sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and entire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, entitled, *The Mistress of Philarete*, of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of *The Shepherd's Hunting*, 1620, 8vo.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me!
Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though they prove a thousand charmes).
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chaine;
Thy painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy brest,
Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my rest!
Goe, goe, display
Thy beautie's ray

To some more soone-enamour'd swaine;
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eye;
Shew not me a painted beautie;
These impostures I defie.
My spirit lothes
Where gawdy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine;
I love her so
Whose looke sweares No,
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine;
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clownes
Are scar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine;
And those Ile prove,
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
Where each lustfull lad may wooe;
Give me her whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto;

Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse
For which I would refuse no paine.
But such as you,
Fond fooles, adieu;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me!
Seeke no more to worke my harmes;
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe against your charmes;
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remaine;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vaine.

VIII.

The Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, entitled, "The theatre of God's judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642." Pt. ii. p. 89.—The text is given (with corrections, from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden:

"Oh jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

All tender hearts, that ake to hear
Of those that suffer wrong;
All you that never shed a tear,
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed:
Alas, that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With bravest dames she might compare;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid,
And taxt her with disloyaltye,
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burnt with wrath extreame:
At length the fire that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence,
And many a grievous fault,
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore,—
A dungeon dark and deep,
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
Dispers'd the hideous gloom;
But dank and noisome vapours play
Around the wretched room:

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But strait, alas! she hears
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss:
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail,
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend;
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A servant listning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
Tc mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies,
With all the haste he may;
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn,
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls,
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

"Too sure, O lady," now quoth he,
"Your cruelty hath sped;
Make hast, for shame, and come and see;
I fear the virgin's dead."

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run;
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along;
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist,
Had twined his fatal wreath;
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady, at this sight,
With horror strait ran mad;
So raving dy'd, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware:
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's snare.

* * *

IX.

Jealousy, Tyrant of the Mind.

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his Tragi-Comedy of *Love Triumphant*, &c. On account of the subject, it is inserted here.

What state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the gentle brest;
Two souls in one: the same desire
To grant the bliss and to require?
If in this heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In absence or unkind disdaine,
Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine.
But, oh, no cure but death we find
To sett us free
From Jealousie,
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are.
Some sett too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X.

Constant Penelope.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is entitled, "A Looking-Glass for Ladies, or a Mirrour for Married Women. Tune, Queen Dido, or, Troy town."

When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
And lords in armour bright were seen,
When many a gallant lost his life
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen,
Ulysses, general so free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
That he would to the warrs of Troy,
For grief she shed full many a tear
At parting from her only joy;
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly say:
"The time is come that we must part;
My honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my absence, dearest, be
My constant wife, Penelope."

"Let me no longer live," she sayd,
"Then to my lord I true remain;
My honour shall not be betray'd
Until I see my love again;
For I will ever constant prove,
As is the loyal turtle-dove."

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
And to the ships his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;
Still casting many a longing look,
She saw him on the surges glide,
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:

"Thou god, whose power is in the deep
And rulest in the ocean main,
My loving lord in safety keep
Till he return to me again;
That I his person may behold,
To me more precious far than gold."

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
Were all convey'd out of her sight;
Her cruel fate she then bewails,
Since she had lost her heart's delight.
"Now shall my practice be," quoth she,
"True vertue and humility.

"My patience I will put in ure,
My charity I will extend;
Since for my woe there is no cure,
The helpless now I will befriend:
The widow and the fatherless
I will relieve, when in distress."

Thus she continued year by year
In doing good to every one;
Her fame was noised every where,
To young and old the same was known,
That she no company would mind
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame
'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life;
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Came flocking for to tempt his wife:
For she was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine
They did endeavour her to win;
With banquets and the choicest wine,
For to allure her unto sin;
Most persons were of high degree
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace
Their wanton suits she did denye;
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her dearest husband's memorye;
But constant she would still remain,
Hopeing to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
And that she often did peruse;
She seldom looked in her glass;
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
I wish all ladies were as free
From pride as was Penelope!

She in her needle took delight,
And likewise in her spinning-wheel;
Her maids about her every night
Did use the distaff and the reel;
The spiders, that on rafters twine,
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
And absence of her dearest love;
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
Her fortune on the waves to prove.
"I fear my lord is slain," quoth she,
"He stays so from Penelope."

At length the ten years siege of Troy
Did end; in flames the city burn'd;
And to the Grecians was great joy
To see the towers to ashes turn'd;
Then came Ulysses home to see
His constant, dear Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad
When she her lord again had seen.
"Thrice-welcome home, my dear," she said,
"A long time absent thou hast been;
The wars shall never more deprive
Me of my lord whilst I'm alive."

Fair ladies all, example take;
And hence a worthy lesson learn,
All youthful follies to forsake,
And vice from virtue to discern;
And let all women strive to be
As constant as Penelope.

XI.

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

By Colonel Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems, entitled *Lucasta*, Lond. 1649, 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste brest and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

XII.

Valentine and Ursine.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "Le Bibliothèque de Romans, &c."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of *Sir Bevis*, and has also been copied in the *Seven Champions*. The original lines are,

"Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beest might passe away:
Under the brydge were sixty belles;
Right as the Romans telles;
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn."

Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

PART THE FIRST.

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride,
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princelye pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cryes
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
  Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
  They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
  Of silk so fine and thin;
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
  Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;
  The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother seek;
  No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
  And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
  And stretch'd his little hands.

"Now, by the rood," King Pepin says,
  "This child is passing fair;
I wot he is of gentle blood:
  Perhaps some prince's heir.

"Goe bear him home unto my court
  With all the care ye may.
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
  In honour of this day;

"And look me out some cunning nurse;
  Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
  A bairn of high degree."

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;
  And nurtur'd well was he;
Nor ought was wanting that became
  A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
  Belov'd of king and peers,
And shew'd in all he spake or did
  A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin,
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

"A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls
May be reserv'd for mee."

"The first adventure shall be thine;"
The king did smiling say.
Nor many days, when low! there came
Three palmers clad in graye.

"Help, gracious lord," they weeping say'd;
And knelt, as it was meet;
"From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

"Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

"'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den;
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

"To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill;
For arms, ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still."

Up then rose Sir Valentine
And claim'd that arduous deed.
"Go forth and conquer," say'd the king,
"And great shall be thy meed."

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow:
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe.

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round;
His eager eye all fiery glow'd;
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails;
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize,
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand;
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe;
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant, try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd Sir Valentine;
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast,
And there came lords and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups that freely flow'd,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound;
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Ver. 23, *i. e.* a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble-stone;
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

'Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;"
He cried with hideous roar;
"Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore."

"Vain boaster," said the youthful knight,
"I scorn thy threats and thee;
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free."

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the gyant glanc'd
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel;
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew,
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush,
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came;
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now caytiff breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend;
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes;
The hairy youth repeats his blows;
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd
With Ursine's timely care;
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
They found where'er they came;
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe;
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

" Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
" Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see;
A wife without a mate.

" These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

" Know, I am sister of a king,
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

" With him I sweetly liv'd in love
A twelvemonth and a day;
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

" His seeming goodness wan him pow'r,
He had his master's ear,
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

" One day, when we were all alone,
He proffer'd odious love;
The wretch with horrour I repuls'd,
And from my presence drove.

" He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd
His crime I'd not reveal;
Which, for his seeming penitence
I promis'd to conceal.

" With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repay'd;
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
And me to woe betray'd;

" He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais'd a bitter cry.
My lord, possest with rage, condemn'd
Me, all unheard, to dye.

"But, 'cause I then was great with child
At length my life he spar'd;
But bade me instant quit the realme,
One trusty knight my guard.

Forth on my journey I depart,
Oppress with grief and woe,
And tow'rds my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart, I goe.

"Long time thro' sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along;
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labour strong:

"And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
Two lovely boys were born.

"The eldest fair and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar;
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold,
And wrap him in my cloak,

"A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz'd my younger son;
Affection lent my weakness wings
And after them I run.

"But all forewearied, weak and spent,
I quickly swoon'd away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought me relief,
And rais'd me from the ground;
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

"And, while in search we wander'd far,
We met that gyant grim,
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immur'd so long."

"Now, surely," said the youthful knight,
"You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor;
Your brother's King of France.

"For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

"If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

"And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life."

"Now heaven is kind!" the lady said;
And dropt a joyful tear:
"Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?"

"But, madam," said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
"Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe
If you the same should see?"

And pulling forth the cloth of gold
In which himself was found,
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found
He was indeed her son.

"But who's this hairy youth?" she said;
"He much resembles thee;
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he."

"Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen?"

"Upon his little side," quoth she,
"Was stampt a bloody rose."
"Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!"

Then clasping both her new-found sons
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy,
His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord,

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reign'd
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the scepter bare.
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

* * *

XIII.

The Dragon of Wantley.

This humorous song (as a former Editor[1] has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what *Don Quixote* is to prose narratives of that kind,—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information with which we have been favoured in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in romance. The description of the dragon[2]—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour his care in choosing his armour—his being drest for fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them), are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than another, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of Sir Bevis. There a dragon is attacked from a well in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

> "There was a well, so have I wynne,
> And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.
> * * * *
> Than was he glad without fayle,
> And rested a whyle for his avayle;
> And dranke of that water his fyll;
> And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
> And with Morglay his brande
> He assayled the dragon, I understande:
> On the dragon he smote so faste,
> Where that he hit the scales braste:
> The dragon then faynted sore,
> And cast a galon and more
> Out of his mouthe of venim strong,
> And on sir Bevis he it flong:
> It was venymous y-wis."

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110

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[1] Collection of Historical Ballads, in 3 vols. 1727

[2] See above, pp. 144 and 266.

As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c., seems evidently to allude to the following:

"Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,
And lepte out with haste full good;
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;
And the dragon also to Bevis.
Longe and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon and that knyght:
But ever whan syr Bevis was hurt sore,
He went to the well, and washed him thore;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freshe as whan he began.
The dragon sawe it might not avayle
Besyde the well to hold batayle;
He thought he would, wyth some wyle,
Out of that place Bevis begyle;
He woulde have flowen then awaye,
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge," &c.
Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his *Faerie Queen*. At least some particulars in the description of the dragon, &c., seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See book i. canto ii. where the dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl--with stings—his cruel rending clawes—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the last century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near I'll tell ye.
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat;
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O there and then was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
Some say he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;

Ver. 29, were t. him gorse and birches. Other copies.

Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by,
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring,
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing.
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise;
"O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods."

"Tut, tut," quoth he, "no goods I want:
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
With smiles about the mouth,
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning,
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning."

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig.
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog:
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses;
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, "Boh!"
And hit him in the mouth.

"Oh," quoth the dragon, "pox take thee, come out!
Thou disturb'st me in my drink:"
And then he turn'd, and s . . . at him;
Good lack how he did stink!
"Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam;
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome."

Our politick knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think:

"By cock," quoth he, "say you so, do you see?"
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to't;
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey!

"Your words," quoth the dragon, "I don't understand;"
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the a . . .

"Oh," quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather;
"More of More-hall; O thou rascal!
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a . . . gut,
And I'm quite undone for-ever.

"Murder, murder," the dragon cry'd,
"Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but mist that place, you could
Have done me no mischief."
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, s . . . , and dy'd.

*** A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relater:

"In Yorkshire, six miles from Rotherham, is a village called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a lodge, named Warncliff Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley: here lies the scene of the song. I was there above forty years ago: and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of cave; then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end, says, Here lay the dragon killed by Moor, of Moor-hall: here lay his head; here lay his tail: and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-hall. I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song: in the house is the picture of the dragon and Moor of Moor-hall, and near it a well, which, says he, is the well described in the ballad."

*** Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following key to the satire hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Warncliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind; but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq., from Queen Elizabeth, in the second year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife for her life, and then to Ralph, third son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the law-suit carried on concerning this claim of tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys;" which are titheable things, the dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the stones, dear Jack, which the dragon could not crack." The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated

1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's house hard by it." The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall; the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's manor-court at Ox-spring, and pays a Rose a year. "More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley." He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. "The poor children three," &c., cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been coheiresses had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir George Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville), having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N.B. The "two days and a night," mentioned in verse 125, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

XIV.

St. George for England.

THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style, particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting with it the SECOND PART.

Why doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured fightes?
For besides King Arthur and Lancelot du Lake,
Or Sir Tristram de Lionel that fought for ladies sake,
Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckued Lot
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got.
David was elected a prophet and a king,
He slew the great Goliah with a stone within a sling.
Yet these were not knightes of the Table Round,
Nor St. George, St. George who the dragon did confound.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites and put them all to flight.
Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an asse,
And eke he threw a temple downe and did a mighty spoyle.
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell;
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did fighte;
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte;
Remus and Romulus were they that Rome did builde.
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did bring;[1]

[1] This probably alludes to "An ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain, ... to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth," &c. See Ames, Typog. p. 327

He had a troope of mighty knightes when first he did begin,
Which sought adventures farre and neare that conquest they might win;
The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight.
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine;
Cutlax, the Dane, great warres he did maintaine;
Rowland of Beame and good 'Sir' Olivere
In the forest of Acon slew both woolfe and beare,
Besides that noble Hollander, 'Sir' Goward with the bill.
But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of King Pepin's blood;
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good;
The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine,
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux and Godfrey of Bullaine,
These were all French knightes that lived in that age.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the Moore;
Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes most bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told;
There were many English knights that Pagans did convert.
But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France; Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Earl of Warwick, that was call'd Sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that most ghastly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore heath;

Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand;[2]
The false Duke of Austria nothing did he feare;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;
Besides his famous actes done in the Holy Lande.
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the Fifth he conquered all France,
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance;
He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne;
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came.
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance;
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance;
St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine.
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

[2] Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this king in the old Romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to this volume

XV.

St. George for England.

THE SECOND PART.

Was written by John Grubb, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a club, all the members of which were to be of the name of George: their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's Day. Our author solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condition,—that he would compose a song in honour of their patron saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.[1]

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript; at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

EXPOSTULATIUNCULA, sive QUERIMONIUNCULA ad ANTONIUM [ATHERTON] ob Poema JOHANNIS GRUBB, Viri *του παvυ* ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum editi.

TONI! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,
Τουνομα σου shall last, *Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες αει*
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a
Efficit heroas, dignamque heroe puellam.
Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit ale-a
Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris
Quem vocitant Homines Brandy, Superi Cherry-brandy.
Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small-cut flare Tobacco
Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si generosior herba
(Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum)
Mundungus desit, tum non funcare recusant

[1] To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies in which the stanzas are arranged alike: he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them: they are here printed with many improvements.

Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod fit arundine led-mat.
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascendere sedes!
Ast ego quo rapiar? quo me feret entheus ardor,
Grubbe, tui memorem? Divinum expande poema.
Quæ mora? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser
Virgilii, Flaccique simul canat inter olores?

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford, under the following title:

THE BRITISH HEROES,

A New Poem in honour of St. George

By Mr. JOHN GRUBB

School-master of Christ-Church

OXON. 1688.

Favete linguis: carmina non prius

Audita, musarum sacerdos

Canto.—— HOR.

Sold by Henry Clements. Oxon.

THE story of King Arthur old
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundness of his Table.
The knights around his table in
A circle sate, d'ye see,
And altogether made up one
Large hoop of chivalry.
He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
Y-cleped Caliburn,
Would cut a flint more easily
Than pen-knife cuts a corn;
As case-knife does a capon carve,
So would it carve a rock,
And split a man at single slash
From noddle down to nock.
As Roman Augur's steel of yore
Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
So this would cut both conjurer
And whetstone thro' the middle.

He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh:
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy squelsh.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble shield
Of she-goat's shaggy coat;
On top of burnisht helmet he
Did wear a crest of leeks
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot
And very prone to ire;
H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
And would as soon take fire.
As brimstone he took inwardly
When scurf gave him occasion,
His postern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverse drubbing,
And never turn'd his back to aught,
But to a post for scrubbing.
His sword would serve for battle, or
For dinner, if you please;
When it had slain a Cheshire man
'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
He wounded and, in their own blood,
Did anabaptize Pagans:
But George he made the dragon an
Example to all dragons.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
Challeng'd a gyant savage;

And streight came out the unwieldy lout
Brim-full of wrath and cabbage.
He had a phiz of latitude,
And was full thick i' th' middle;
The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter,
And paunch of Squire Beadle.[2]
But the knight fell'd him like an oak,
And did upon his back tread;
The valiant knight his weazon cut,
And Atropos his packthread.
Besides he fought with a dun cow,
As say the poets witty,
A dreadful dun, and horned too,
Like dun of Oxford city.
The fervent dog-days made her mad,
By causing heat of weather,
Syrius and Procyon baited her,
As bull-dogs did her father;
Grasiers nor butchers this fell beast,
E'er of her frolick hindred;
John Dosset[3] she'd knock down as flat,
As John knocks down her kindred;
Her heels would lay ye all along,
And kick into a swoon;
Frewin's[4] cow-heels keep up your corpse,
But hers would beat you down.
She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,
And proud was of the honour;
Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
As if themselves had blown her.
At once she kickt and pusht at Guy,
But all that would not fright him,
Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
As if he'd gone to knight him.
He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
And eke he did her gall rip;
His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,
Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib;

[2] Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.
[3] A butcher that then served the college.
[4] A cook, who on fast-nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe.

He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,
Instead of arch triumphal:
But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
As made him on his bum fall.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
The Turkish squadrons slew,
And fetch'd the pagan crescent down
With half-moon made of yew.
His trusty bow proud Turks did gall
With showers of arrows thick,
And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
Grand-Visiers to old Nick;
Much turbants and much Pagan pates
He made to humble in dust;
And heads of Saracens he fixt
On spear, as on a sign-post;
He coop'd in cage Bajazet, the prop
Of Mahomet's religion,
As if't had been the whispering bird
That prompted him, the pigeon.
In Turkey-leather scabbard, he
Did sheath his blade so trenchant:
But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
And cut off every inch on't.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was
Both beautiful and bold;
She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
And bang'd her foes with cold.
Her hand was like the tool wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under;
It shone just like his lightning,
And batter'd like his thunder.

Her eye darts lightning that would blast
The proudest he that swagger'd,
And melt the rapier of his soul,
In its corporeal scabbard.
Her beauty and her drum, to foes,
Did cause amazement double;
As timorous larks amazed are
With light and with a low-bell,
With beauty and that Lapland-charm,[5]
Poor men she did bewitch all;
Still a blind whining lover had,
As Pallas had her scrich-owl.
She kept the chastness of a nun
In armour, as in cloyster:
But George undid the dragon just
As you'd undo an oister.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Stout Hercules was offspring of
Great Jove and fair Alcmene;
One part of him celestial was,
One part of him terrene.
To scale the hero's cradle walls
Two fiery snakes combin'd,
And, curling into a swaddling cloaths,
About the infant twin'd;
But he put out these dragons' fires,
And did their hissing stop;
As red-hot iron with hissing noise
Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.
He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
The horses of new comers;
And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame,
As Tom Wrench[6] does cucumbers.
He made a river help him through,
Alpheus was under-groom,
The stream, disgust at office mean,
Ran murmuring thro' the room;

[5] The drum.

[6] Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.

This liquid ostler to prevent
Being tired with that long work,
His father Neptune's trident took,
Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
This Hercules, as soldier and
As spinster, could take pains;
His club would sometimes spin ye flax
And sometimes knock out brains;
H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
By Juno's wrath and hér-spite;
Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
As cook whips barking turn-spit.
From man or churn, he well knew how
To get him lasting fame:
He'd pound a giant till the blood,
And milk till butter came.
Often he fought with huge battoon,
And oftentimes he boxed;
Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
As Hervey [7] doth fresh hogshead.
He gave Anteus such a hug,
As wrestlers give in Cornwall:
But George he did the dragon kill,
As dead as any door-nail.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
Were put into a cradle;
Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,
Were often-times full addle;
And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him
That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
With helmet-shell on tender head
Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'
A boxer was, I wist:
The one was fam'd for iron heel;
Th' other for leaden fist.

[7] A noted drawer at the Mermaid Tavern in Oxford.

Pollux to shew he was a god,
When he was in a passion
With fist made noses fall down flat
By way of adoration:
This fist, as sure as French disease,
Demolish'd noses' ridges;
He, like a certain lord,[8] was fam'd
For breaking down of bridges.
Castor the flame of fiery steed
With well-spurr'd boots took down;
As men, with leathern buckets, quench
A fire in country town.
His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
Is sung on oaten quill;
By bards' immortal provender
The nag surviveth still.
This shelly brood on none but knaves
Employ'd their brisk artillery,
And flew as naturally at rogues,
As eggs at thief in pillory.[9]
Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
Much blood they did effund;
Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
Their yolks thro' gaping wound.
Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
To make a heavenly sign;
The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd,
And then hung up to shine;
Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,
The sons of Jove and Tyndar:
But George he cut the dragon up,
As he had bin duck or windar.

[8] Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102 Lond. 1713.

[9] It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that this was a popular subject at that time:

> Not carted Bawd, or Dan de Foe,
> In wooden Ruff ere bluster'd so.
>
> Smith's Poems, p. 117.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
For knot upon her shoulder;
She kemb'd her hissing periwig,
And curling snakes did powder.
These snakes they made stiff changelings
Of all the folks they hist on;
They turned barbers into hones,
And masons into free-stone.
Sworded magnetic Amazon
Her shield to load-stone changes;
Then amorous sword by magic belt
Clung fast unto her haunches.
This shield long village did protect,
And kept the army from-town,
And chang'd the bullies into rocks
That came t' invade Long-Compton.[1]
She post-diluvian stores unmans,
And Pyrrha's work unravels;
And stares Deucalion's hardy boys
Into their primitive pebbles.
Red noses she to rubies turns,
And noddles into bricks:
But George made dragon laxative;
And gave him a bloody flix.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager got
An everlasting name,
And out of haunch of basted swine,
He hew'd eternal fame.
This beast each hero's trouzers ript,
And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,

[1] See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist. of Oxfordshire

Prickt but the wem, and out there came
Heroic guts and garbadge.
Legs were secured by iron boots
No more than peas by peascods;
Brass helmets, with inclosed sculls,
Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.
His tawny hairs erected were
By rage, that was resistless;
And wrath, instead of cobler's wax,
Did stiffen his rising bristles.
His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep,
Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake um:
It made them vent both their last blood,
And their last album-grecum.
But the knight gor'd him with his spear
To make of him a tame one,
And arrows thick, instead of cloves,
He stuck in monster's gammon.
For monumental pillar, that
His victory might be known,
He rais'd up, in cylindric form,
A collar of the brawn.
He sent his shade to shades below,
In Stygian mud to wallow:
And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,
He made the dragon follow.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
The great horse for to ride;
H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,
The hinnible to bestride.
Bright silver feet and shining face
Had that stout hero's mother;
As rapier's silver'd at one end,
And wounds you at the other.
Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
As hawk pursuing sparrow;

Her's had the metal, his the speed
Of Braburn's[2] silver arrow.
Thetis to double pedagogue
Commits her dearest boy;
Who bred him from a slender twig
To be the scourge of Troy;
But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was
In Stygian waters steept,
As birch is soaked first in piss
When boys are to be whipt.
With skin exceeding hard, he rose
From lake, so black and muddy
As lobsters from the ocean rise
With shell about their body,
And, as from lobster's broken claw,
Pick out the fish you might,
So might you from one unshell'd heel
Dig pieces of the knight.
His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
And hen-roosts, says the song;
Carried away both corn and eggs,
Like ants from whence they sprung.
Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,
And sent him down bare-breech'd
To pedant Radamanthus in
A posture to be switch'd.
But George he made the dragon look
As if he had been bewitch'd.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni-
bal; him I mean, who gave them such
A devilish thump at Cannæ.
Moors, thick as goats on Penmenmure,
Stood on the Alpes's front;

[2] Braburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln College, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the University of Oxford.

Their one-eyed guide,[3] like blinking mole,
Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount:
Who, baffled by the massy rock,
Took vinegar for relief,
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
As dancing louts from humid toes
Cast atoms of ill savour
To blinking Hyatt,[4] when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And saws from suffering timber out
Some wretched tune to quiver,
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
Of Affrican carnivor.
The tawny surface of his phiz
Did serve instead of vizzard:
But George he made the dragon have
A grumbling in his gizzard.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,
It must not be forgotten;
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies
Protected veal and mutton.
A squadron of flies errant
Against the foe appears,
With regiments of buzzing knights,
And swarms of volunteers.
The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em
With animating hum;
And the loud brazen hornet next,
He was their kettle-drum;
The Spanish Don Cantharido
Did him most sorely pester,

[3] Hannibal had but one eye.

[4] A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them; well known at that time in Oxford.

And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
Full many a plaguy blister.
A bee whipt thro' his button-hole,
As thro' key-hole a witch,
And stabb'd him with her little tuck
Drawn out of scabbard breech;
But the undaunted knight lifts up
An arm both big and brawny,
And slasht her so that here lay head,
And there lay bag and honey;
Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift
As weapon made by Cyclops,
And bravely quell'd seditious buz,
By dint of massy fly-flops.
Surviving flies do curses breathe,
And maggots too, at Cæsar:
But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
And Askelon[5] was his razor.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humorously enumerated in the following distich.

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas:
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe), Dr. Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp, the poetry-professor, Dr. Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq., and Dr. Evans, the epigrammatist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can learn further of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, "de Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis." He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671: and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church; and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following epitaph:—

[5] The name of St. George's sword.

H. S. E.
JOHANNES GRUBB, A.M.
Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi
Anno Dom. 1645.
Cujus variam in linguis notitiam,
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriam,
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxonium.
Ibi enim Æde Christi initiatus,
artes excoluit;
Pueros ad easdem mox excolendas
accuratè formavit:
Huc demum
unanimi omnium consensu accitus,
eandem suscepit provinciam,
quam feliciter adeo absolvit,
ut nihil optandum sit
nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset.
Fuit enim
propter festivam ingenii suavitatem,
simplicem morum candorem, et
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam,
omnibus desideratissimus.
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno D'ni, 1697,
Ætatis suæ 51.

XVI.

Margaret's Ghost.

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq., who, in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in page 186, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

"These lines," says he, "naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy

adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

> "When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
> And all were fast asleep," &c.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shrowd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek;
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay;

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

*** In a late publication, entitled, *The Friends*, &c. Lond. 1773, 2 vols. 12mo (in the first volume), is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it, as here given. But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.

XVII.

Lucy and Colin

Was written by Thomas Tickell, Esq., the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and editor of his works. He was son of a clergyman in the North of England; had his education at Queen's College, Oxon.; was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of *Rosamond*, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly,—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face,

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware!

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth, I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone.
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVIII.

The Boy and the Mantle.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.[1]

Mr. Warton, in his ingenious observations on Spenser, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the *Boy and the Mantle* is taken from an old French piece entitled, *Le Court Mantel*, quoted by M. de St. Palaye, in his curious "Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo; who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance; but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Mémoires) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all, 'tis most likely that all the old

[1] The "modern hand" was Percy's.—Editor.

stories concerning King Arthur are originally of British growth; and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip. tom. xx. p. 352.

In the *Fabliaux ou Contes*, 1781, 5 tom. 12mo, of M. Le Grand (tom. i. p. 54), is printed a modern version of the old tale *Le Court Mantel*, under a new title, *Le Manteau maltaillé*, which contains the story of this ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the *mantle*, but without any mention of the *knife* or the *horn*.

In Carleile dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his Table Round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus with seemely curtesy,
He did King Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave King Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre;
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thou here, King Arthur,
Have this here of mee,
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see

'No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came Lady Guenever,
The mantle she must tryc:
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue:
"Beshrew me," quoth King Arthur
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts,
Beneath the green-wood tree,
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Yet, dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear,
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b**side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed,
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

"And all the time of Christmass
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
If thou wilt let my lady fair
Within the mantle shine."

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare;
"Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to try the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green-wood tree:
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards King Arthur's table
The boy he turned his eye;
Where stood a boar's head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife,
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast;
And every knight in Arthur's court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "No cuckold ever can
Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne
Lift airly to his head;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder.
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle,
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever
And thus could spightful say:
"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herselfe so clean:
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,
Have her lewd pillow prest:
Yet she the wondrous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold:
"Chastize thy wife, King Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free;
Sir King, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne,
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's horne."

***

*** The Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the Specimens of Welsh poetry, 4to, affirmed that the story of the *Boy and the Mantle* is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle

that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain, is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh bards.

Carleile, so often mentioned in the ballads of King Arthur, the Editor once thought might probably be a corruption of Caer-leon, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of King Arthur's chief residence: but he is now convinced that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland; the old English Minstrels, being most of them northern men, naturally represented the hero of romance as residing in the north: and many of the places mentioned in the old ballads are still to be found there; as *Tearne-Wadling*, &c.

Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table.

XIX.

THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.[1]

The second poem in book vii., entitled, *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, having been offered to the reader with large conjectural supplements and corrections, the old fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata: that such austere antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This ballad has most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,
& seemely is to see,
& there he hath wth him Qqueene Genev^{r},
that bride soe bright of blee.

[1] The text of this poem has been carefully revised by comparison with Percy's Folio Manuscript, as edited by Messrs. Hales and Furnivall.—Editor.

And there he hath w^th^ him Queene Genever,
that bride soe bright in bower,
& all his barons about him stoode
that were both stiffe and stowre.

The K. kept a royall Christmasse
of mirth & great honor,
. & . when . .

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And bring me word what thing it is
that a woman most desire.
this shalbe thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,
for Ile haue noe other hier.

K. Arthur then held vp his hand
according thene as was the law;
he tooke his leaue of the baron there,
& homward can he draw.

And when he came to Merry Carlile,
to his chamber he is gone,
& ther came to him his Cozen S^r^ Gawaine
as he did make his mone.

And there came to him his cozen S^r^ Gawaiue,
that was a curteous knight,
why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur, he said,
or who hath done thee vnright?

O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
that faire may thee be ffall,
for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
thou wold not meruaile att all;

---

ffor when I came to tearne wadiing,
a bold barron there I fand,
w^th^ a great club vpon his backe.
standing stiffe and strong;

And he asked me wether I wold fight,
or from him I shold be gone,
o[2] else I must him a ransome pay
& soe depart him from.

[2] Sic.

To fight w^th^ him I saw noe cause,
me thought it was not meet,
for he was stiffe & strong w^th^-all,
his strokes were nothing sweete;

Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
I ought to him to pay,
I must come againe, as I am sworne,
vpon the Newyeers day.

And I must bring him word what thing it is

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*]

Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde
in one soe rich array
toward the foresaid Tearne wadling,
that he might keepe his day.

And as he rode over a more,
hee see a lady where shee sate
betwixt an oke & a greene hollen:
She was cladd in red scarlett.

Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,
then there was sett her eye,
the other was in her forhead fast
the way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward,
her mouth stood foule a-wry;
a worse formed lady than shee was,
neuerman saw w^th^ his eye.

To halch vpon him, K. Arthur,
this lady was full faine,
but K. Arthur had forgott his lesson,
what he shold say againe.

What knight art thou, the lady sayd,
that wilt not speak tome?
Of me be thou nothing dismayd
tho I be vgly to see;

for I haue halched you curteouslye,
& you will not me againe,
yett I may happen S^r^ Knight, shee said,
to ease thee of thy paine.

Giue thou ease me, lady, he said,
or helpe me any thing,
thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine, my cozen,
& marry him wth a ring.

Why, if I help thee not, thou noble K. Arthur,
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,
of gentle Gawaine . . . . .

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And when he came to the tearne wadling
the baron there cold he fimde,
wth a great weapon on his backe,
standing stiffe and stronge.

And then he tooke K. Arthurs letters in his hands
& away he cold them fling,
& then he puld out a good browne sword,
& cryd himselfe a K.

And he sayd, I haue thee & thy land, Arthur,
to doe as it pleaseth me,
for this is not thy ransome sure,
therfore yeeld thee to me.

And then bespoke him Noble Arthur,
& bad him hold his hand,
& give me leaue to speake my mind
in defence of all my land.

He said as I came over a More,
I see a lady where shee sate
betweene an oke & a green hollen;
shee was clad in red scarlett;

And she says a woman will haue her will,
& this is all her cheef desire:
doe me right, as thou art a baron of sckill,
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer.

He sayes an early vengeance light on her!
she walkes on yonder more;
it was my sister that told thee this;
& she is a misshappen hore!

But heer Ile make mine avow to god
to doe her an euill turne,
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get
in a fyer I will her burne.

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*]

THE SECOND PART.

Sir: Lancelott & Sr Steven bold
they rode wth them that day,
and the formost of the company
there rode the steward Kay

Soe did Sr Banier and Sr Bore,
Sr Garrett wth them soe gay,
soe did Sr Tristeram *that* gentle k
to the forrest fresh and gay.

And when he came to the greene forrest,
vnderneath a greene holly tree
their sate that lady in red scarlet
that vnseemly was to see.

Sr Kay beheld this Ladys face,
& looked vppon her smire,[3]
whosoeuer kisses this lady, he sayes
of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sr Kay beheld the lady againe,
& looked vpon her snout,
whosoeuer kisses this lady, he saies
of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace coz. Kay, then said Sr Gawaine,
amend thee of thy life;
for there is a knight amongst vs all
that must marry her to his wife.

What! wedd her to wiffe! then said Sr Kay,
in the diuells name anon,
gett me a wiffe whereere I may,
for I had rather be shaine![4]

Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,
& some tooke vp their hounds,
& some sware they wold not marry her
For Citty nor for towne.

And then be-spake him Noble k. Arthur,
& sware there by this day,
for a little foule sight & misliking

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*

[3] ? Swire is neck.
[4] ? For shent, slaine or shamed.

Then shee said, choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
truth as I doe say,
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine,
w^th^ one soe mild of Moode,
sayes, well I know what I wold say,
god grant it may be good!

To haue thee fowle in the night
when I w^th^ thee shold play;
yet I had rather, if I might,
haue thee fowle in the day.

What! when Lords goe w^th^ ther seires,[5] shee said,
both to the Ale & wine;
alas! then I must hyde my selfe,
I must not goe withinne.

And then bespake him gentle gawaine,
said, Lady, thats but a skill [6];
And because thou art my owne lady,
Thou shalt haue all thy will.

Then she said, blesed be thou gentle Gawain,
this day *that* I thee see,
For as thou see me att this time,
from hencforth I wilbe:

My father was an old knight,
& yett it chanced soe
that he marryed a younge lady
that brought me to this woe.

Shee witched me, being a faire young Lady,
to the greene forrest to dwell,
& there I must walke in womans liknesse,
Most like a feend of hell.

She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . . .

[*About nine Stanzas wanting.*

that looked soe foule, & that was wont
on the wild more to goe.

[5] Sic in MS. pro *feires*, *i. e.* mates.
[6] ? reason, feint, pretence.

Come kisse her, Brother Kay, then said S^r^ Gawaine,
& amend thé of thy liffe;
I sweare this is the same lady
that I marryed to my wiffe.

S^r^ Kay kissed that lady bright,
standing vpon his ffeete;
he swore, as he was trew knight,
the spice was neuer soe sweete.

Well, Coz. Gawaine, sayes S^r^ Kay,
thy chance is fallen arright,
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw w^th^ my sight.

It is my fortune, said S^r^ Gawaine;
for my unckle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,
great Joy that I may take.

S^r^ Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,
S^r^ Kay tooke her by the tother,
they led her straight to K. Arthur
as they were brother & brother.

K. Arthur welcomed them there all,
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene,
w^th^ all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be seene.

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire
that was soe faire and bright,
he thanked christ in trinity
for S^r^ Gawaine that gentle knight;

Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,
reioyced all that day
for the good chance *that* hapened was
to S^r^ Gawaine & his lady gay. ffins.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

GLOSSARY.

A', au, *all.*
A deid of nicht, *in dead of night.*
A Twyde, *of Tweed.*
Abacke, *back.*
Abone, aboon, aboone, *above.*
Aboven ous, *above us.*
Abowght, *about.*
Abraide, *abroad.*
Abye, *suffer, to pay for.*
Acton, *a kind of armour of taffaty, or leather quilted.* Fr. 'Hacqueton.'
Advoutry, advoutrous, *adultery, adulterous.*
Aff, *off.*
Afore, *before.*
Aft, *oft.*
Agayne, *against.*
Agoe, *gone.*
Ahte, *ought.*
Aik, *oak.*
Ain, awin, awne, *own.*
Aith, *oath.*
Al, *albeit, although.*
Alemaigne, *Germany.*
Alyes, *probable corruption of algates, always.*
Algife, *although.*
A-late, *of late.*
An, *and.*
Ancient, ancyent, *flag, standard.*
Ane, one; *an, a.*
Angel, *gold coin worth* 10*s.*
Ann, if; *even, if.*
Ant, *and.*
Aplyght, aplyht, al aplyht, *quite complete.*
Aquoy, *coy, shy.*
Aras, arros, *arrows.*
Arcir, *archer.*
Argabushe, *harquebusse, musket.*
Ase, *as.*
Assinde, *assigned.*
Assoyl'd, assoyled, *absolved.*
Astate, *estate; a great portion.*
Astonied, *astonished, stunned.*
Astound, *confounded, stunned.*
Ath, athe, o'th, *of the.*
Attowre, *out over, over and above.*
Auld, *old.*
Aule, *awl.*
Aureat, *golden.*
Austerne, *stern, austere.*
Avowe, *vow.*
Avoyd, *void, vacate.*
Awa', *away.*
Awne, *own.*
Axed, *asked.*
Ayance, *against.*
Aye, *ever;* also, ah! *alas!*
Azein, agein, *against.*
Azont, *beyond;* azont the ingle, *beyond the fire:*[1]

B.

Ba', *ball.*
Bacheleere, *knight.*
Baile, *bale, evil, hurt, mischief, misery.*
Bairded, *bearded.*
Bairn, *bairne, child.*
Baith, *bathe, both.*
Bale, *hurt,* etc. *See* Baile.

[1] In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room.

Balow, *hush! lullaby!*
Balys bete, *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
Ban, banning, *curse, cursing.*
Band, *bond, covenant.*
Banderolls, *streamers, little flags.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bar, *bore.*
Bar hed, *barehead; perhaps bared.*
Barne (A.-Sax. beorn) *chief, man.*
Barrow-hogge, *gelded hog.*
Base court, *lower court of a castle.*
Basnete, basnite, basnyte, bassonet, bassonette, *helmet.*
Bason. *See* Basnete.
Battes, *heavy sticks, clubs.*
Baud, *bold.*
Bauzen's skinne, *dressed sheep or badger leather. Bauzon mittens.*
Bayard, *noted blind horse in the old romances.*
Be, by; *be that, by that time.*
Bearn. *See* Bairn.
Bearyng arowe, *an arrow that carries well. Perhaps bearing, or birring;* i. e. *whizzing.*
Bed, *bade.*
Bede, *offer, engage.*
Bedeene, *immediately; continuously?*
Bedight, *bedecked.*
Bedone, *wrought, made up.*
Bedyls, *beadles.*
Beere, *bier.*
Bees, *to have bees, to be choleric.*
Beette, *did beat.*
Befall, *befallen.*
Befoir, *before.*
Beforn, *before.*
Begylde, *beguiled, deceived.*
Beheard, *heard.*
Behests, *commands, injunctions.*
Behove, *behoof.*
Belive, *immediately, presently.*
Belyfe. *See* Belive.
Ben, bene, *been; be, are.*
Ben, *within doors; the inner room.*
Bende-bow, *bent bow.*
Bene, bean, *expression of contempt.*
Benison, *blessing.*
Bent, *long grass; wild fields.*
Benynge, benigne; *benign, kind.*
Beoth, *be, are.*
Bereth, *beareth.* Ber the prys, *bear the prize.* Berys, *beareth.*
Berne. *See* Barne.
Bernes, *barns.*
Beseeme, *become.*
Beshradde, *cut into shreds.*
Beshrew me! *Weak imprecation*
Besmirche, *to soil, discolour.*
Besprent, *besprinkled.*
Beste, beest, *art.*
Bested, *abode.*
Bestis, *beasts.*
Bet, *better.* Bett, *did beat.*
Beth, *be, are.*
Bewray, *to discover, betray.*
Bi mi leautè, *by my loyalty, honesty.*
Bickarte, bicker'd, *skirmished;* also, *swiftly coursed.*[2]
Bille, *promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
Birk, *birch-tree.*
Blan, blanne, did blin, *linger, stop.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Blaze, *emblazon, display.*
Blee, *complexion, colour.*
Bleid, blede, *bleed.*
Blent, *ceased; blended.*
Blink, *glimpse of light.*
Blinkan, blinkand, *twinkling.*
Blinking, *squinting.*
Blinks, *twinkles, sparkles.*
Blinne, *cease, give over.*
Blist, *blessed.*
Blive, *believe, immediately.*
Bloomed, *beset with bloom.*
Blude, *blood.*
Bluid, bluidy, *blood, bloody.*
Blyth blithe, *sprightly, joyous.*

[2] Mr. Lambe also interprets "BICKERING," by rattling, *e. g.*:

"And on that slee Ulysses head
Sad curses down does BICKER."
Translat. of Ovid.

Blyth, *joy, sprightliness.*
Blyve. *See* Belive.
Boare, *bare.*
Bode, abode, *stayed.*
Boist, boisteris, *boast, boasters.*
Boke, *book.*
Bollys, *bowls.*
Boltes, *shafts, arrows.*
Bomen, *bowmen.*
Bonnie, bonny, bonnye, *comely.*
Bonys, *bones.*
Bookesman, *clerk, secretary.*
Boon, boone, *favour, request, petition.*
Boot, boote, *gain, advantage, help.*
Bore, *born.*
Borowe, *to redeem by a pledge.*
Borowed, *warranted, pledged for.*
Borrowe, borowe, *pledge, security.*
Bot, bút; *both, besides, moreover.*
Bot, *without*; Bot dreid, i. e. *certainly.*
Bote. *See* Boote.
Bougil, bougill, *bugle, horn.*
Bounde, bowynd, bowned, *prepared, got ready*; also, *went, or was going.*
Bower, bowre, *arched room, dwelling.*
Bowre woman, *chamber-maid.*
Bownedes, *bounds.*
Bowne, *ready, prepared*; also, *went.*
Bowys, *bows.*
Brade, braid, *broad.*
Braes, *brow, or side of a hill.* Braes of Yarrow, *hilly banks of the Yarrow.*
Braid, *broad.*
Braitly, *bravely.*
Brakes, tufts of fern.
Brande, bronde, *sword.*
Brast, *burst.*
Braw, *brave.*
Brayd, *arose, hastened.*
Brayd attowre the bent, *hastened over the field.*
Brayde, *drew out unsheathed.*
Bred, brede, *broad.*
Breech, *breeches.*
Breeden bale, *breed mischief.*
Breere, brere, *briar.*
Breng, bryng, *bring.*
Brenn, *to burn*; Brenand drake, *the fire-drake, burning-embers.*
Brether, *brethren.*
Bridal (bride-ale), *nuptial feast.*
Brigue, brigg, *bridge.*
Brimme, *public, universally known.*
Britled, *carved.*
Broad arrow, *broad-headed arrow.*
Brocht, *brought.*
Brodinge, *pricking.*
Brooche, *a spit, bodkin, ornamental trinket, a clasp.*
Brook, *enjoy.*
Brooke, *bear, endure.*
Brouche. *See* Brooche.
Brouke hur wyth wynne, *enjoy her with pleasure.*
Browd, *broad.*
Brozt, *brought.*
Bryttlynge, brytlyng, *cutting up, quartering, carving.*
Buen, bueth, *been, be, are.*
Bugle, *hunting-horn.*
Buik, *book.*
Burgens, *buds, young shoots.*
Burn, *bourne, brook.*
Bushment, *ambush, snare.*
Busk, *dress, deck.* Busk and boun, *make yourselves ready and go.*
Buske. Idem.
Busket, buskt, *dressed.*
But, *without.* Butt.[3]
But if, *unless.*
But let, *without hindrance.*
Bute, *boot, advantage.*
Buttes, *buts to shoot at.*
By thre, *of three.*
Bydys, bides, *abide.*

[3] "But o' house" means the outer part of the house, outer room, viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose from the street. "Ben o' house" is the inner room or more retired part of the house. The daughter did not lie out of doors. The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a But and a Ben.—Mr. Lambe.

Bye, *buy, pay for;* also, abye, *suffer for.*
Byears, *biers.*
Byll, *bill, ancient battle-axe, halbert.*
Byn, bine, bin, *been, be, are.*
Byrcke, *birch-tree,* or *wood.*
Byre, *a cow-house.*
Byste, beest, *art.*

C.

Ca', *call.*
Cadgily, *merrily, cheerfully.*
Caitiff, *slave.*
Calde, callyd, *called.*
Caliver, *kind of musket.*
Camscho, *stern, grim.*
Can, 'gan, began, *began to cry.*
Can curtesye, *understand good manners.*
Cane, *'gan to cry.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Cannes, *wooden cups, bowls.*
Cantabanqui, *ballad singers.*
Cantles, *pieces, corners.*
Canty, *cheerful, chatty.*
Capul, capull, *a poor horse.*
Care-bed, *bed of care.*
Carle, *a churl, clown;* also, *old man.*
Carlish, *churlish, discourteous.*
Carline, *feminine of Carle.*
Carpe, *to speak, recite; censure.*
Carpe off care, *complain thro' care.*
Carping, *reciting.*
Cast, *mean, intent.*
Cau, *call.*
Caudle, *mixture of wine.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cawte and kene, *cautious and active.*
Caytiffe, *caitiff, slave, wretch.*
Certes, *certainly.*
Cetiwall, *the herb valerian.*
Chanteclere, *the cock.*
Chap, *a lenock.*
Chayme, *Cain.*
Chays, *chase.*
Che (*Somerset*), *I.*
Check, *to rate at.*
Check, *to stop.*
Cheis, *choose.*
Chevaliers, *knights.*
Cheveran, *upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*
Chield, *fellow.*
Child, *knight.*
Chill (Som.), *I will.*
Chould (Som.), *I would.*
Christentie, christentye, christiantè, Christendom.
Church-ale, *a wake; feast in commemoration of a church-dedication.*
Churl, *clown, villain, vassal.*
Chyf, chyfe, *chief.*
Chylded, *was delivered.*
Chylder, *children.*
Chyn, *chin.*
Claiths, *clothes.*
Clattered, *beat so as to rattle.*
Clawde, *clawed, tore, scratched.*
Clead, *clothed.* Cleading, *clothing.*
Cleaped, *called, named.*
Cled, *clad.*
Clepe, *call.*
Clerke, *scholar, clergyman.*
Cliding, *clothing.*
Clim, *contraction of Clement.*
Clough, *a broken cliff.*
Clowch, *clutch, grasp.*
Clynking, *clinking, jingling.*
Coate, *cot, cottage.*
Cockers, *short boots worn by shepherds.*
Cog, *to lye, to cheat.*
Cohorted, *incited, exhorted.*
Cokeney, *cook.* Lat. *coquinator.*
Cold, *could, knew.*
Cold be, *was.*
Cold rost, *nothing to the purpose.*
Coleyne, collayne, *Cologne steel.*
Com, *came.* Commen, commyn, *come.*
Con, *can, 'gan, began.*
Can fare, *went, passed.*
Con thanks, *with thanks.*
Con springe, *sprung.*
Confetered, *confederated.*
Coote, *coat.*
Cop, *head; top of anything.*
Cordiwin, Cordwayne, *Cordovan leather.*

Corsaire, *courser, steed.*
Cost, *coast, side.*
Cote, *cot, cottage; coat.*
Cotydyallye, *daily, every day.*
Coulde, could, cold; *could.*
Could bear, *bare.*
Could creip, *crept.*
Could his good, *knew what was good for him; could live upon his own.*
Could say, *said.*
Could weip, *wept.*
Counsayl, *secret.*
Countie, *count, earl.*
Coupe, *pen for poultry.*
Courtnalls, note page 234.
Couth, *could.*
Couthen, *knew.*
Covetise, *covetousness.*
Coyntrie. *Coventry.*
Cramasie, *crimson.*
Crancky, *merry, exulting.*
Cranion, *skull.*
Crech, *crutches.*
Credence, *belief.*
Crevis, *crevice, chink.*
Crinkle, *run in and out, wrinkle.*
Cristes corse, *Christ's curse.*
Croft, *inclosure near a house.*
Croiz, *cross.*
Crompling, *crooked, knotty.*
Crook, *twist, distort; lame.*
Crouneth, *crown ye.*
Crout, *pucker up.*
Crowch, *crutch.*
Cryance, *belief; fear.*
Cule, *cool.*
Cum, *come, came.*
Cummer, *gossip, friend.*
Cure, *care, heed, regard.*

D.

Dale, *deal;* bot gif I dale, *unless I deal.*
Dampned, *damned, condemned.*
Dan, *ancient title of respect.*
Dank, *moist, damp.*
Dansko, *Denmark.*
Darh, *there.*
Darr'd, *hit.*
Dart, *hit.*
Daukin, *diminutive of David.*
Daunger hault, *coyness holdeth.*
Dawes, *days.*
De, dy, dey, *die.*
Deadan, deland, *dealing.*
Deare day, *pleasant day.*
Deas, dais, *high table in a hall*
Dede is do, *deed is done.*
Dee, *die.*
Deed, *dead.*
Deemed, *doomed, judged.*
Deepe, fette, *deep, fetched.*
Deere, *hurt, mischief.*
Deerely, *preciously, richly.*
Deerely dight, *richly dressed.*
Deid, *dead.*
Deid-bell, *passing bell.*
Deill, *dally?*
Deimpt, *deemed, esteemed.*
Deip, depe, *deep.*
Deir, dear, *hurt, trouble, disturb.*
Dele, *deal.*
Dell, *narrow valley.*
Dell, *part, deal.*
Delt, *dealt.*
Demains, demesnes, *estates.*
Deme, *judged.*
Denay, *deny.*
Dent, *a dint, blow.*
Deol, dole, *grief.*
Depured, *purified, run clear.*
Deray, *ruin, confusion.*
Dere, dear, *hurt.*
Derked, *darkened.*
Dern, *secret;* I' dern, *in secret.*
Descreeve, descrive, descrye, *describe.*
Devys, *devise; bequeathment by will.*
Deze, deye, *die.*
Dice, *waved pattern on garments.*
Dight, dicht, *decked, dressed, done.*
Dike, *a wall, ditch.*
Dill, *still, calm, mitigate.*
Dill, dole, *grief, pain.* Dill I drye, *pain I suffer.* Dill was dight, *grief was upon him.*
Din, dinne, *noise, bustle.*
Dine, *dinner.*

Ding, *knock, beat.*
Dint, *stroke, blow.*
Dis, *this.*
Discust, *discussed.*
Disna, *does not.*
Distrere, *horse rode by a knight in the tournament.*
Dites, *dttties.*
Dochter, *daughter.*
Dois, *days, does.*
Dol, *grief.* Dole.
Dolefulle dumps, *heaviness of heart.*
Dolorus, *dolorous.*
Don, *down.*
Dosend, *dosing, drowsy.*
Doth, dothe, *doeth, do.*
Doublet, *inner garment.*
Doubt, *fear.*
Doubteous, *doubtful.*
Doughte, dougheti, doughetie dowghtye, *doughty, formidable.*
Doughtiness of dent, *sturdiness of blows.*
Dounae, *am not able; cannot take the trouble.*
Doute, *doubt; fear.*
Doutted, *doubted; feared.*
Douzty, *doughty.*
Dozter, *daughter.*
Doz trogh, *dough-trough.*
Drake. *See* Brenand drake.
Drap, drapping, *drop, dropping.*
Dre, *suffer.*
Dreid, dreede, drede, *dread.*
Dreips, *drips, drops.*
Dreiry, *dreary.*
Drest, *plunged.*
Drie, *suffer.*
Drovyers, *drovers, cattle-drivers.*
Drowe, *drew.*
Drye, *suffer.*
Dryghnes, *dryness.*
Dryng, *drink.*
Dryvars. *See* Drovyers.
Duble dyse, *double (false) dice.*
Dude, dudest, *did, didst.*
Dughtie, *doughty.*
Dule, duel, dol, dole, *sorrow, grief.*
Dwellan, dwelland, *dwelling.*
Dyan, dyand, *dying.*
Dyce, dice, *chequer-work.*
Dyd, dyde, *did.*
Dyght, diht, dreesed, *put on, put.*
Dyht, *to dispose, order.*
Dynte, *dint, blow, stroke.*
Dysgysynge, *disguising, masking.*
Dystrayne, *distress.*
Dyzt. *See* Dight.

E.

Eame, *uncle.*
Eard, *earth.*
Earn, *to curdle, make cheese.*
Eathe, *easy.*
Eather, *either.*
Ech, eche, eiche, elke, *each.*
Ee, eie, *eye.*
Een, *eyes.*
Een, *evening.*
Effund, *pour forth.*
Eftsoon, *in a short time.*
Egge, *to urge on.*
Eiked, *added, enlarged.* Eike, *each.*
Ein, *even.*
Eir, evir, *e'er, ever.*
Eke, *also.*
Eldern, *elder.*
Elke, *each.*
Ellumynynge, *embellishing.*
Elridge, *wild, hideous, ghostly; lonesome, inhabited by spectres.*[4]
Elvish, *peevish, fantastical.*

[4] In the ballad of SIR CAULINE, we have 'Eldridge Hill,' 'Eldridge Knight,' 'Eldridge Sworde.'—So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "ELRICHE BRETHIR," *i. e.* brethren (b. ii. p. 91, l. 16); and in his Prologue to b. vii. (p. 202, l. 3), he thus describes the night-owl:

> "Laithely of forme, with crukit camscho beik,
> Ugsome to here was his wyld ELRISCHE shriek."

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems, (fol. 1[illegible]5, in the Advocates' library at Edinburgh,)

Eme, *kinsman, uncle.*
Endyed, *dyed.*
Ene, *eyes;* ene, *even.*
Enharpid, *hooked,* or *edged with mortal dread.*
Enkankered, *cankered.*
Enouch, *enough.*
Ensue, *follow.*
Entendement, *understanding.*
Ententifly, *to the intent, purposely.*
Envye, *malice, ill-will, injury.*
Er, ere, *before; are.*
Ere, *ear.*
Erst, *heretofore.*
Etermynable, *interminable, unlimited.*
Ettled, *aimed.*
Evanished, *vanished.*
Everiche, *every, each.*
Everych-one, *everyone.*
Evir alake, *ever alack!*
Ew-bughts, *pens for milch ewes.*
Eyn, eyne, *eye, eyes.*
Ezar, *azure.*

F.

Fa', *fall.*
Fach, feche, *fetch.*
Fader, fatheris, *father, father's.*
Fadge, *thick loaf of bread; coarse heap of stuff. A clumsy woman.*
Fae, *foe.*
Fain, *glad, pleased, fond.* Faine.
Faine, fayne, *feign.*
Fair of feir, *of a fair and healthy look; perhaps, free from fear.*
Falds, *thou foldest.*
Fallan, falland, *falling.*
Fals, false. Fals, *falleth.*
Falser, *deceiver, hypocrite.*
Falsing, *dealing in falsehood.*
Fang, *seize, carry off.*
Fannes, *instruments for winnowing corn.*
Farden, *fared, flashed.*
Fare, *pass, go, travel.*
Fare, *price of a passage; shot, reckoning.*
Farley, *wonder.*
Fa's, *thou fallest.*
Faulcone, fawkon, *falcon.*
Fauzt, faucht, *fought.*
Faw'n, *fallen.*
Fay, faye, *faith.*
Fayne. *See* Fain.
Fayne, *See* Faine.
Fayre, *fair.*
Faytors, *deceivers, cheats.*
Fe, *fee, reward, bribe; property.*
Feare, fere, feire, *mate.*
Feat, *nice, neat.*
Featously, *neatly, dexterously.*
Feere, fere, *mate, companion.*
Feill, fele, *many.*
Feir, fere, *fear;* also *demeanour.*
Feire, *mate.* *See* Feare.
Feiztyng, *fighting.*
Felay, felawe, feloy, *fellow.*
Fell, *hyde.*
Fell, fele, *furious.*
Fend, *defend.*
Fendys pray, *from being the prey of the fiends.*
Fere, fear; *companion, wife.*
Ferliet, *wandered.*
Ferly, *wonder; wondrously.*
Fersly, *fiercely.*
Fesante, fesaunt, *pleasant.*
Fet, fette, *fetched.*
Fetteled, *prepared, addressed.*
Fey, *predestinated to some fatality.*
Fie, *beasts, cattle.*
Filde, *field.*
Fillan, filland, *filling.*

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is a whimsical rhapsody of a deceased old woman travelling in the other world in which

"Scho wanderit, and zeid by, to an ELRICH well."

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, ELRICHE, &c. is explained by "wild, hideous: Lat. *trux, immanis;*" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossaries.

Finaunce, *fine, forfeiture.*
Find frost, *find mischance,* or *disaster.*
Firth, frith, *a wood; an arm of the sea.*
Fit, *foot, feet.*
Fit, *part or division of a song.*[5]
Fitt, fitte, fyt, fytte, *idem.*
Flayne, *flayed.*
Fles, *fleece.*
Fleyke, *large kind of hurdle; a hovel of fleyks where cows are milked.*
Flinders, *pieces, splinters.*
Flowan, *flowing.*
Flyte, *to contend with words, scold.*
Fond, fonde, *contrive; endeavour.*
Fonde, *found.*
Foo, *foes.*
For, *an account of.*
Forbode, *commandment.*
Force, *no force, no matter.*
Forced, *regarded, heeded.*
Forefend, *prevent, defend; avert.*
For-foght, *over fought.*
Foregoe, *quit, give up.*
For-wearied, *over-wearied.*
Formare, *former.*
Fors, I do not fors, *I do not care.*
Forsede, *regarded, heeded.*
Forst, *heeded, regarded.*
Forst, *forced, compelled.*
Forthynketh, *repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.*
Forthy, *therefore.*
Forwacht, *over-watched, kept awake.*
Fosters of the fe, *foresters of the king's demesnes.*
Fou, fow, *full; drunk.*
Fowarde, vawarde, *the van.*
Fowkin, *cant word for fart.*
Fox't, *drunk.*
Frae, *from.* Fro.
Frae thay begin, *from the beginning.*
Freake, freke, freeke, freyke, *man, human being;* also, *whim, maggot.*
Fre-bore, *free-born.*
Freckys, *persons.*
Freers, fryars, *friars, monks.*
Freits, *ill omens, ill luck. Terror*
Freyke, *humour, freak, caprice.*
Freyned, *asked.*
Frie, fre, free, *free, noble.*
Fruward, *forward.*
Furth, *forth.*
Fuyson, foyson, *plenty; substance.*
Fyers, *fierce.*
Fykkill, *fickle.*
Fyled, fyling, *defiled, defiling.*
Fyll, *fell.*
Fyr, *fire.*
Fyzt, *fight.*

G.

Ga, gais, *go, goes.*
Gae, gaes, *go, goes.*
Gaed, gade, *went.*
Gaberlunzie, gaberlunze, *a wallet.*
Gaberlunzie-man, *wallet-man, beggar.*
Gadlings, gadelyngs, *idlers.*
Gadryng, *gathering.*
Gae, *gave.*
Gair, geer, *dress.*
Gair, *grass.*
Galliard, *a sprightly dame.*
Gan, gane, *began.*
Gane, *gone.*
Gang, *go.*
Ganyde, *gained.*
Gap, *entrance to the lists.*
Gar, *to make, cause.* Gard, gart, garred, *made; also* Garde.
Gare, garre. *See* Gar.
Gargeyld, *the spout of a gutter.*
Garlande, *ring within which the mark was set to be shot at.*
Gayed, *made gay their clothes.*
Gear, geere, gair, geir, geire. *See* Gair.
Gederede ys host, *gathered his host.*
Geere will sway, *this matter will turn out; affair will terminate.*
Gef, gere, *give.*
Geid, *gave.*

[5] Fitis, *i. e.* "divisions or parts in music," are alluded to in *Troilus and Cressida,* act 3, sc. 1. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Gerte, *pierced.*
Gest, *act, feat, story, history.*
Getinge, gettyng, *plunder, booty.*
Geve, gevend, *give, given.*
Gi, gie, gien, *give, given.*
Gibed, *jeered.*
Gie, *give.*
Giff, gife, *if.*
Gillore, *plenty.*
Gimp, jimp, *neat, slender.*
Gin, an, *if.*
Gin, gyn, *engine, contrivance.*
Gins, *begins.*
Gip, *interjection of contempt.*
Girt, *pierced.*
Give. *See* Giff.
Give owre, *surrender.*
Glave, glaive, *sword.*
Glede, *red-hot coal.*
Glee, *joy.*
Glen, *narrow valley.*
Glent, *glanced, slipped.*
Glie, *glee, joy.*
Glist, *glistered.*
Glose, *set a false gloss.*
Glowr, *stare,* or *frown.*
Gloze, *canting, dissimulation.*
God before, *God by thy guide.*[6]
Goddes, *goddess.*
Gode, godness, *good, goodness.*
Gone, *go.*
Good, *a good deal.*
Good-e'ens, *good-evenings.*
Gorget, *dress of the neck.*
Gorreled-bellyed, *pot-bellied.*
Gowan, *the yellow crow-foot.*
Gowd, gould, *gold.*
Graine, scarlet.
Graithed (gowden), *was caparisoned with gold.*
Gramercye, *I thank you.* Fr. *Grand mercie.*
Graunge, *granary; a lone house.*
Graythed, *decked, put on.*
Grea-hondes, *greyhounds.*
Grece, *step; flight of steps.*
Gree, gre, *prize, victory.*
Greece, *fat.* Fr. *graisse.*
Greened, *grew green.*
Greet, *weep.*
Gresse, *grass.*
Gret, grat, *great; grieved, swoln.*
Greves, *groves, bushes.*
Grippel, *griping, miserly.*
Groundwa, *ground-wall.*
Growende, growynd, *ground.*
Grownes, *grounds.*
Growte, *small-beer,* or *ale.*[7]
Grype, griffin.
Grysely groned, *dreadfully groaned.*
Gude, guid, geud, *good.*
Guerdon, *reward.*
Gule, *red.*
Gybe, *jest, joke.*
Gyle, *guile.*
Gyn, *engine, contrivance.*
Gyrd, *girded, lashed;* gyrdyl, *girdle.*
Gyse, guise, *form, fashion.*

H.

Ha, hae, *have.*
Ha', *hall.*
Habbe, ase he brew, *have as he brews.*
Habergeon, *lesser coat of mail.*
Hable, *able.*
Haggis, *sheep's stomach stuffed.*
Hail, hale, *whole, together.*
Halched, halsed, *saluted, embraced.*
Halesome, *wholesome, healthy.*
Halt, *holdeth.*
Halyde, haylde, *hauled.*
Hame, hamward, *home, homeward.*

[6] So in Shakspeare's *King Henry V.* (act 3, sc. viii.) the King says,

> "My army's but a weak and sickly guard;
> Yet, GOD BEFORE, tell him we will come on."

[7] GROWTE is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats (*i. e.* hulled oats), or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it.—(Mr. Lambe.)

Hand-bowe, *the long bow.*
Hare . . swerdes, *their swords.*
Haried, harried, haryed, harowed, *robbed, pillaged, plundered.*
Harlocke, charlocke, *wild rape.*
Harnisine, *harness, armour.*
Hartly lust, *hearty desire.*
Harwos, *harrows.*
Hastarddis, *rash fellows; upstarts.*
Hauld, *to hold.*
Hauss-bane, *the neck-bone.*
Hav, *have.*
Haves, *effects, substance, riches.*
Haviour, *behaviour*
Hawberk, *coat of mail.*
Hawkin, *diminutive of Harry.*
Haylle, *advantage, profit.*
He, hee, hye, *high.*
He, hye, to hye, *hasten.*
Heal, *hail.*
Hear, heare, *here.*
Hear, heares, *hair, hairs.*
Heathenness, *heathen part of the world.*
Hech, hach, hatch, *small door;* also Hach-borde, *side of a ship.*
Hecht to lay thee law, *promised, engaged to lay thee low.*
Hed, hede, *head.*
Hede, *he would; heed.*
Hee's, *he shall; he has.*
Heere, *hear.*
Heicht, *height.*
Heid, *head.*
Heiding-hill, *place of execution.*
Heil, hele, *health.*
Heir, here, *hear.*
Helen, *heal.*
Helpeth, *help ye.*
Hem, *them.*
Hend, *kind, gentle.*
Henne, *hence.*
Hent, hente, *held, pulled; received.*
Heo, *they.*
Hepps and Hawes, *fruits of the briar, and the hawthorn.*
Her, hare, *their.*
Here, *their;* hear, *hair.*
Herkneth, *hearken ye.*
Herte, hertis *heart, hearts.*
Hes, *has.*
Hest, *hast.*
Hests, *commands, injunctions.*
Het, *hot.* Hether, *hither.*
Hett, hight, *bid, call, command.*
Hench, *rock,* or *steep hill.*
Hevede, hevedst, *had, hadst.*
Heveriche, hevenrich, *heavenly.*
Hewkes, *heralds' coats.*
Hewyne in to, *hewn in two.*
Hewyng, hewinge, *hewing, hacking.*
Hey-day guise, *frolick; sportive.*
Heynd, hend, *gentle, obliging.*
Heyre, *heir.*
Heyze, *high;* heyd, *hied.*
Hi, hie, *he.*
Hicht, a-hicht, *on height.*
Hie, hye, he, hee, *high.*
High dames to nail, *hasten, etc.*
Hight, *promised, engaged; named.*
Hillys, *hills.*
Hilt, *taken off, flayed.*
Hinch-boys, *pages of honour.*
Hinde, hend, *gentle.*
Hinde, hind, *behind.*
Hings, *hangs.*
Hinny, *honey.*
Hip, hep, *berries of the dog-rose.*
Hir, *her.* Hirsel, *herself.*
Hit, *it;* Hit he write, *it be written.*
Hode, hood, *cap.*
Holden, *hold.*
Hole, holl, *whole.*
Hollen, *holly.*
Holtes, *woods, groves.* Holtis hair, *hoar hills.*
Holy, *wholly.*
Holy-roode, *holy cross.*
Hom, hem, *them.*
Honde, *hand.* Honden wrynge, *hands wring.*
Hondrith, hondred, *hundred.*
Honge, *hang, hung.*
Hontyng, *hunting.*
Hoo, ho, *interjection of stopping.*
Hooly, *slowly.*
Hop-halt, *limping; halting.*
Hose, *stockings.*
Hount, *hunt.*
Houzle, *give the sacrament.*

Hoved, *heaved; hovered; tarried.*
Howeres, howers, *hours.*
Huerte, *heart.*
Huggle, *hug, clasp.*
Hye, hyest, *high, highest.*
Hyght, *on high, aloud.*
Hyght, hyzt, *promised.*
Hynd attowre, *behind, over, about.*
Hip halte, *lame in the hip.*
Hys, *his; is.*
Hyt, hytt, *it.*
Hyznes, *highness.*

I.

I-fere, *together.*
I-feth, *in faith.*
I-lore, *lost.*
I-strike, *stricken.*
I-trowe, *verily.*
I-ween, *verily.*
I-wot, *verily.*
I-wis, I-wys, *verily.*
Ich, *I*; Ich biqueth, *I bequeath.*
I clipped, *called.*
Iff, *if.*
Ild, *I would.*
Ile, *I will.*
Ilfardly, *ill-favouredly, uglily.*
Ilk, this ilk, *this same.*
Ilka, *each, every one.*
Ilke, every ilke, *every one.*
Ilk one, *each one.*
Im, *him.*
Impe, *a demon.*
In fere, I fere, *together.*
Ingle, *fire.*
Inogh, *enough.*
Into, *in.*
Intres, *entrance, admittance.*
Io forth, *halloo!*
Ireful, *angry, furious.*
Is, *his.*
Ise, *I shall.*
It's no'er, *it shall never.*
I-tuned, *tuned.*
Iye, *eye.*

J.

Janglers, *tell-tales; wranglers.*
Jenkin, *diminutive of John.*
Jetted, *to go proudly.*
Jimp, *slender.*
Jo, *sweetheart, friend.*
Jogelers, *jugglers.*
Jow, joll, or jowl.
Juncates, *a sweet-meat.*
Jupe, *upper garment; petticoat.*

K.

Kall, *call.*
Kame, *comb.*
Kameling, *combing.*
Kan, *can.*
Kantle, *piece, corner.*
Karls, *churls*; karlis of kynde, *churls by nature.*
Kauk, *chalk.*
Kauld, *called.*
Keel, *saddle.*
Keepe, *care, heed.*
Keipand, *keeping.*
Kempe, *soldier, warrior.*
Kemperye man, *fighting-man.*[8]
Kempt, *combed.*
Kems, *combs.*
Ken, *know.* Kenst, kend, *knowest, knew.*
Kene, *keen.*
Kepers, *those that watch the corpse.*
Kever-cheves, *handkerchiefs.*

[8] "Germanis *Camp.* Exercitum, aut Locum ubi Exercitus castrametatur, significat: inde ipsis Vir Castrensis et Militaris *kemffer*, et *kempher*, et *kemper*, et *kimber*, et *kamper*, pro varietate dialectorum, vocatur; Vocabulum hoc nostro sermone nondum penitus exolevit; Norfolcienses enim plebeio et proletario sermone dicunt '*He is a kemper old man*, i. e. Senex vegetus est.' Hinc *Cimbris* suum nomen; '*kimber* enim homo bellicosus, pugil, robustus miles, &c. significat.' Sheringham de Anglor. gentis orig. pag. 57. Rectius autem Lazius (apud eundem, p. 49). *Cimbros* a bello quod *kamff*, et Saxonice *kamp* nuncupatos crediderim; unde bellatores viri *Die Kempffer, Die Kemper.*"

Kexis, *dried stalks of hemlocks*
Kid, kyd, kithed, *made known*.
Kilted, *tucked up*.
Kind, *nature*. Kynde.
Kirk, *church*.
Kirk-wa', *church-wall*.
Kirm, kirn, *churn*.
Kirn, *idem*.
Kirtle, *a petticoat, gown*.[9]
Kists, *chests*.
Kit, *cut*.
Kith (kithe) and kin, *acquaintance and kindred*.
Knave, *servant*.
Knellan, knelland, *kneeling*.
Knicht, *knight*.
Knightes fee, *such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and horse*.
Knowles, *little hills*.
Knyled, *knelt*.
Kowarde, *coward*.
Kowe, *cow*.
Kuntrey, *country*.
Kurteis, *courteous*.
Kye, kine, *cows*.
Kyrtel, kyrtill, kyrtell. *See* Kirtle.
Kythe, *appear, make appear, show*.
Kythed, *appeared, declared*.

L.

Lacke, *want*.
Laide unto her, *imputed to her*.
Laith, *loth*.
Laithly, *loathsome, hideous*.
Lambs-wool, *cant phrase for ale and roasted apples*.
Lane, lain, *lone;* her lain, *by herself*.
Lang, *long;* langsome, *tedious*.
Lap, *leaped*.
Largesse, *gift, liberality*.
Lasse, *less*. Latte, *let, hinder*.
Lauch, *laugh*.
Launde, *lawn*.
Layden, *laid*.
Laye, *low*.
Lay-land, *land not ploughed*.
Lay-lands, *lands in general*.
Layne, *lien; laid*.
Layne, *lain*. *See* Leane.
Leal, leel, leil, *loyal, honest, true*.
Leane, *conceal, hide; lye?*
Leanyde, *leaned*.
Learned, *learned, taught*.
Lease, *lying, falsehood*. Wythouten lease, *verily*.
Leasynge, *lying, falsehood*.
Leaute, *loyalty*.
Lee, lea, *the field, pasture*.
Lee, *lie*.
Leech, leeche, *physician*.
Leechinge, *doctoring, medical care*.
Leeke, *phrase of contempt*.
Leer, *look*.
Leese, *lose*.
Leeve London, *dear London*.
Leeveth, *believeth*.
Lefe, leefe, leffe, leeve, *dear*.
Lefe, *leave:* leves, *leaves*.
Leid, lyed.
Leiman, leman, *lover, mistress*.
Leir, lere, *learn*.
Leive, *leave*.
Leman, lemman, leiman, leaman *See* Leiman.
Lenger, *longer*.
Lengeth in, *resideth in*.
Lere, *face, complexion*.
Lerned, *learned*.
Lesynge, *lying, falsehood*.
Let, lett, latte, *hinder, slacken*.
Lettest, *hinderest, detaineth*.
Lettyng, *hindrance, without delay*.
Leugh, *laughed*. Leuch, *idem*. Lugh.
Lever, *rather*.
Leves and bowes, *leaves and boughs*
Lewd, *ignorant, scandalous*.
Leyke, *like, play*.
Leyre, lere, *learning, lore*.
Libbard, *leopard*.

[9] Bale, in his Actes of English Votaries, (2nd Part, fol. 53,) uses the word Kyrtle to signify a Monk's Frock. He says, Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent "to Clunyake, in France, for the KYRTLE of holy Hugh, the Abbot there," &c.

Libbard's bane, *a herb.*
Lichtly, *lightly, easily, nimbly;* also *to undervalue.*
Lie, lee, *field.*
Liege-men, *vassals, subjects.*
Lig, ligge, *lie.*
Lightly, *easily.*
Lightsome, *cheerful, sprightly.*
Limitacioune, *certain precinct allowed to a limitour.*
Limitous, *friars licensed to beg within certain limits.*
Linde, *lime-tree; trees in general.*
Lingell, *hempen thread rubbed with rosin, for mending shoes.*
Lire, *flesh, complexion.*
Lith, lithe, lythe, *attend, listen.*
Lither, *idle, worthless, wicked.*
Liver, *deliver.*
Liverance, *deliverance (money or pledge for delivering you up).*
Lodlye, *loathsome.*
Lo'e, loed, *love, loved.*
Logeying, *lodging.*
Loke, *lock of wool.*
Longes, *belongs.*
Loo, *halloo!*
Looset, losed, *loosed.*
Lope, *leaped.*
Lore, *lesson, doctrine, learning.*
Lore, *lost.*
Lorrel, *a sorry, worthless person.*
Losel, *idem.*
Lothly. *See* Lodlye.[1]
Loud and still, *at all times.*
Lought, lowe, lugh, *laughed.*
Loun, loon, *rascal.*
Lounge, *lung.*
Lourd, lour. *See* Lever.
Louted, lowtede, *bowed.*
Lowe, *little hill.*
Lowns, *blazes.*
Lowte, *bow, do obeisance.*
Lude, luid, luivt, *loved.*
Luef, *love.*
Lues, luve, *loves, love.*
Luiks, *looks.*
Lurden, lurdeyne, *sluggard, drone.*
Lyan, lyand, *lying.*
Lyard, *grey; a grey horse.*
Lynde. *See* Linde.
Lys, *lies.*
Lystenyth, *listen.*
Lyth, *lythe, easy, gentle, pliant.*
Lyven na more, *live no more.*
Lyzt, lizt, *light.*

M.

Maden, *made.*
Mahound, Mahowne, *Mahomet.*
Mair, *more, most.*
Mait, *might.*
Majeste, maist, mayeste, *may'st.*
Making, *verses; versifying.*
Makys, maks, *mates.*[2]
Male, *coat of mail.*
Manchet, *fine bread.*
Mane, *man.*
Mane, *moan;* Maining, *moaning.*
Mangonel, *engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, etc.*
March-perti, *in the parts lying on the Marches.*
March-pine, or pane, *kind of biscuit*
Margarite, *a pearl.*
Mark, *a coin, in value* 13*s.* 4*d.*
Marke hym to the Trenité, *commit himself to God, by making the sign of the Cross.*
Marked, *fixed their eyes on.*

[1] The adverbial terminations -SOME and -LY were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus, as we have *lothly* for *loathsome* above; so we have *ugsome* in a sense not very remote from *ugly* in Lord SURREY's Version of Æneid II. viz.

"In every place the ugsome sightes I saw." Page 29.

[2] As the words MAKE and MATE were, in some cases, used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the words CAKE and CATE seem to have been applied with the same indifferency: this will illustrate that common English proverb, "To turn Cat (*i. e.* CATE) in pan. A PAN-CAKE is in Northamptonshire still called a PAN-CATE.

Marrow, *equal, mate, husband.*
Mart, *marred, hurt, damaged.*
Mast, maste, *may'st.*
Masterye, maystery, *trial of skill.*
Mauger, maugre, *in spite of; ill-will.*
Maun, mun, *must.*
Mavis, *a thrush.*
Mawt, *malt.*
Mayd, mayde, *maid.*
Maye, may, *idem.*
Mayne, *force, strength; mane.*
Maze, *a labyrinth.*[3]
Me, *men;* Me con, *men began.*
Me-thunch, thuncketh, *me-thinks.*
Mean, *moderate, middle-sized.*
Meany, *retinue, train, company.*
Mease, *soften, reduce, mitigate.*
Meaten, mete, *measured.*
Meed, meede, *reward, mood.*
Meit, meet, *fit, proper.*
Mell, *honey;* also, *meddle, mingle.*
Men of armes, *gens d'armes.*
Menivere, *species of fur.* Meniveere.
Mense the faught, *measure the battle.*
Menzie, meany. *See* Meaney.
Merches, *marches.*
Messager, *messenger.*
Met, mete. *See* Meit.
Meynè. *See* Meany.
Micht, *might.*
Mickle, *much, great.* Mykel.
Midge, *small insect.*
Minged, *mentioned.*
Minny, *mother.*
Minstral, *minstrel.*
Minstrelsie, *music.*
Mirk, mirkie, *dark, black.*
Mirry, meri, *merry.*
Miscreants, *unbelievers.*
Misdoubt, *suspect, doubt.*
Miskaryed, *miscarried.*
Misken, *mistake; let a thing alone.*
Mister, *to need.*
Mither, *mother.*
Mo, moe, *more.*
Mode, *mood.*
Moiening, *by means of.*
Mold, *mould, ground.*
Mome, *a dull, stupid fellow.*
Mon, *man.*
Monand, *moaning, bemoaning.*
Mone, *moan.*
Mounyn day, *Monday.*
More, mure, *moor, heath; wild hill.*
Morne, *to-mourn; to-morrow, in the morn.*
Mornyng, *mourning.*
Morrownynges, *mornings.*
Mort, *death of the deer.*
Mosses, *swampy grounds.*
Most, *must.*
Mote, mought, *might.*
Mote I thee, *might I thrive.*
Mou, *mouth.*
Mought, mot. *See* Mought.
Mowe, *may; mouth.*
Muchele bost, *great boast.*
Mude, *mood.*
Muir, *moor.*
Mulne, *mill.*
Mun, maun, *must.*
Mure. *See* Muir.
Murne, murnt, murning, *mourn, etc.*
Muse, *amuse; wonder.*
Musis, *Muses.*
Mycull, mekyl. *See* Mickle.
Mylan, *Milan steel.*
Myne-ye-ple, *many plies,* or *folds.*
Myrry, *merry.*
Myst, myzty, *might, mighty.*
Mysuryd, *misused, applied badly.*

N.

Na, nae, *no, none.*
Naithing, *nothing.*
Nams, *names.*
Nane, *none.*

[3] On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a miz-maze. The senior boys oblige the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Nappy, *strong (of ale).*
Nar, nare, *nor; than.*
Nat, *not.*
Natheless, *nevertheless.*
Ne, nee, *nigh.*
Near, ner, nere, *never.*
Neat, *oxen, cows, large cattle.*
Neatherd, *keeper of cattle.*
Neatresse, *female ditto.*
Neigh him neare, *approach him near.*
Neir, nere, *never.*
Neir, nere, *near.*
Nere, *we were; were it not for.*
Nest, nyest, *next, nearest.*
Newfangle, *fond of novelty.*
Nicht, *night.*
Nicked him of naye, *refused him.*
Nipt, *pinched.*
Noble, *a coin, in value 6s. 8d.*
Noblès, noblesse, *nobleness.*
Nollys, noddles, *heads.*
Nom, *took.* Nome, *name.*
Non, *none.* Nane, *noon.*
Nonce, *purpose.* Nonys. For the nonce, *for the occasion.*
Norland, *northern.*
Norse, *Norway.*
North-gales, *North Wales.*
Nou, *now.*
Nourice, *nurse.*
Nout, nocht, *nought; not.*
Nowght, *nought.*
Nowls, *noddles, heads*
Noye, *annoy?*
Nozt, *nought, not.*
Nurtured, *educated, bred.*
Nye, ny, *nigh.*
Nyzt, *night.*

O.

O gin, *O if.*
Obraid, *upbraid.*
Ocht, *ought.*
Oferlyng, *superior, paramount.*
On, *one, an.* One, *on.*
Onloft, *aloft.*
Ony, *any.*
Onys, *once.*
Onfowghten, untoughten, *un-fought.*
Or, ere, *before; even.*
Or, eir, *before, ever.*
Orisons, *prayers.*
Ost, aste, oast, *host.*
Ou, oure, *you, your; our.*
Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
Out brayde, *drew out, unsheathed.*
Out-horn, *summoning to arms.*
Out ower, *quite over; over.*
Outowre, *out over.*
Outrake, *an outride,* or *expedition.*
Ouare off none, *hour of noon.*
Owches, bosses, *buttons of gold.*
Owene, awen, oune, ain, *own.*
Owre, owr, *over.*
Owre-word, *last word; burden of a song.*
Owt, owte, *out.*

P.

Pa, *the river Po.*
Packing, *false-dealing.*
Pall, palle, *kind of rich cloth; robe of state.*
Palmer, *a pilgrim.*
Pannell, panele, *a rustic saddle.*
Paramour, *lover, mistress.*
Pardè, perde, perdie, *verily; par Dieu.*
Paregall, *equal.*
Partake, *participate, assign to.*
Parti, *party, a part.*
Pattering, *murmuring, mumbling.*
Pauky, *shrewd, cunning; insolent.*
Paves, pavice, *a large shield.*
Pavilliane, *tent, pavilion.*
Pay, *liking, satisfaction.*
Paynim, *pagan.*
Pearlins, *coarse sort of bone-lace.*
Pece, *piece;* sc. *of cannon.*
Peere, peer, pere, *equal, peer.*
Peering, *peeping, looking narrowly.*
Pees, pece, peysse, *peace.*
Pele, *a baker's peel.*
Penon, *lance-banner.*
Pentarchye of tenses, *five tenses.*
Perchmine, *parchment.*
Parelous, parlous, *perilous.*
Perfay, *verily.*
Perfight, *perfect.*
Perill, *danger.*

Perkin, *diminutive of Peter.*
Perlese, *peerless.*
Persit, *pearced, pierced.*
Perte, *part.*
Pertyd, *parted.*
Petye, *pity.*
Peyn, *pain.*
Philomene, *the nightingale.*
Pibrocks, *Highland war-tunes.*
Piece, *a little.*
Pil'd, *peeled, bald.*
Plaining, *complaining.* Plaine.
Play-feres, *play-fellows.*
Playand, *playing.*
Pleasance, *pleasure.*
Plein, pleyn, *complain.*
Plett, *platted.*
Plow-mell, *wooden hammer fixed to the plow.*
Plyzt, *plight.*
Poll-cat, *cant word for whore.*
Pollys, powlls, polls, *head.*
Pompal, *pompous.*
Popingay, *parrot.*
Porcupig, *porcupine.*
Portres, *portress.*
Posset, *drink.*
Poterner, *pocket, pouch.*
Poudred, *sprinkled over* (heraldic).
Pow, pou, pow'd, *pull, pulled.*
Powlls. *See* Pollys.
Pownes, *pounds.*
Preas, prese, *press.*
Prece, *idem.* Preced, presed, *pressed.*
Prest, *ready.*
Prestly, prestlye, *readily, quickly.*
Pricked, *spurred on, hasted.*
Prickes, *the mark to shoot at.*
Pricke-wande, *wand to shoot at.*
Priefe, *prove.*
Priving, *proving, tasting.*
Prove, *proof.*
Prowès, *prowess, valour.*
Prude, *pride; proud.*
Prycke, *the mark.*
Pryme, *day-break.*
Puing, *pulling.*
Puissant, *strong, powerful.*
Pulde, *pulled.*
Purchased, *procured.*
Purfel, *ornament of embroidery.*
Purfelled, *embroidered.*
Purvayed, *provided.*
Pyght, pight, *pitched.*

Q.

Quadrant, *four-square.*
Quail, *shrink.*
Quaint, *cunning; fantastical.*
Quarry, *slaughtered game.*
Quat, *quitted.*
Quay, quhey, *young heifer.*
Quean, *sorry, base woman.*
Quel, *cruel, murderous.*
Quelch, *a blow.*
Quell, *subdue; kill.*
Quere, quire, *choir.* Quirister, *chorister.*
Quest, *inquest.*
Quha, *who.*
Quhair, *where.*
Quhan, whan, *when.*
Quhaneer, *whenever.*
Quhar, *where.*
Quhat, *what.*
Quhatten, *what.*
Quhen, *when.*
Quhy, *why.*
Quick, *alive, living.*
Quillets, *quibbles.*
Quitt, *requite.*
Quyle, *while.*
Quyrry. *See* Quarry.
Quyt, *quite.*
Quyte, *requited.*
Quo, *quoth.*
Qwyknit, *quickened, restored to life.*

R.

Rade, *rode.*
Rae, *roe.*
Raik, *to go apace.* Raik on raw, *go fast in a row.*
Raine, *reign.*
Raise, *rose.*
Rampire, *rampart.*
Ranted, *were merry.*
Rashing, *the stroke made by the wild boar with his fangs.*

Raught, *reached, gained, obtained.*
Rayne, reane, *rain.*
Raysse, *race.*
Razt, *raught, bereft.*
Reachless, *careless.*
Reade, rede, *advise; guess.*
Rea'me, reame, *realm.*
Reas, *raise.*
Reave, *bereave.*
Reckt, *regarded.*
Rede, redde, *read.*
Rede, *advise, advice; guess.*
Redresse, *care, labour.*
Reke, *smoke.*
Reeve, *bailiff.*
Refe, reve, *idem.*
Refe. *See* Reave. Reft, *bereft.*
Register, *officer of the public register.*
Reid, rede, *reed, red.*
Reid, roan, *red-roan.*
Reid. *See* Rede.
Reius, *deprive of.*
Rekeles, recklesse, *regardless, rash.*
Remeid, *remedy.*
Renisht, *shining?*
Renn, *to run.*
Renyed, *refused.*
Rescous, *rescues.*
Reve. *See* Reave.
Revers, *robbers, pirates, rovers.*
Rew, rewe, *take pity; regret.* Rue.
Rewth, *ruth.*
Riall, ryall, *royal.*
Richt, *right.*
Ride, *make an inroad.*
Riddle, *to advise?*
Rin, renn, *run.*
Rise, *shoot, bush, shrub.*
Rive, *rife, abounding; split.*
Roche, *rock.*
Roke, reek, *steam.*
Ranne, *ran;* roone, *run.*
Roo, *roe.*
Rood, roode, *cross, crucifix.*
Rood-loft, *place in the church where the images are set up.*
Roast, *roost.*
Roufe, *roof.*
Route, *go about, travel.*
Routhe, ruth, *pity.*
Row, rowd, *roll, rolled.*
Rowght, rout, *strife.*
Rowned, rownyd, *whispered.*
Rowyndd, *round.*
Rudd, *red, ruddy; complexion.*
Rude, rood, *cross.*
Ruel-bones, *coloured rings of bone.*
Rues, ruethe, *pitieth; regretteth.*
Rugged, *pulled with violence.*
Rushy, *covered with rushes.*
Ruth, ruthe, *pity, woe.*
Ruthful, *rueful, woful.*
Ryde. *See* Ride.
Rydere, *ranger.*
Rynde, *rent.*
Ryschys, *rushes.*
Rywe, *rue.*
Ryzt, *right.*

S.

Sa, sae, *so.*
Safer, *sapphire.*
Saft, *soft.*
Saif, *safe; save.* Savely, *safely.*
Saim, *same.*
Saisede, *seized.*
Sair, *sore.*
Sall, *shall.*
Sap, *essay, attempt.*
Sar. *See* Sair.
Sark, sarke, *shirt.*
Sat, sete, *set.*
Saut, *salt.*
Savyde, *saved.*
Saw, say, *speech, discourse.*
Say, *saw.*
Say, *essay, attempt.*
Say us no harme, *say no ill of us.*
Sayne, *say.*
Scant, *scarce; scantiness.*
Scath, scathe, *hurt, injury.*
Schal, *shall.*
Schapped, *swapped?*
Schatred, *shattered.*
Schaw, *show.*
Schene, *sheen, shining; brightness*
Schip, *ship;* Schiples, *shipless.*
Scho, sche, *she.*
Schone, *shone.*
Schoote, *shot, let go.*

Schowte, schowtte, *shout.*
Schrill, *shrill.*
Schuke, *shook.*
Sclab, *table-book of slates to write on.*
Scomfit, *discomfit.*
Scot, *tax, revenue; shot, reckoning.*
Se, *sea.*
Se, sene, seying, *see, seen, seeing.*
Sed, *said.*
Seely, *silly, simple.*
Seething, *boiling.*
Seik, seke, *seek.*
Sek, *sack.*
Sel, *sell, self.*
Selven, *self.*
Selver, *silver.*
Sely. *See* Seely.
Sen, *since.*
Sene, *seen.*
Seneschall, *steward.*
Senvy, *mustard-seed.*
Sertayne, sertenlye, *certain, certainly.*
Setywall. *See* Cetywall.
Seve, *seven.*
Sey, *a kind of woollen stuff.*
Sey yow, *say to, tell you.*
Seyd, *saw.*
Shaw, *show.*
Shaws, *little woods.*
Shave, *been shaven.*
Shear, *entirely.*
Shedd, shedde, *to spill.*
Shee's, *she shall.*
Sheeld-bone, *the blade-bone.*
Sheele, *she'll, she will.*
Sheene, shene, *shining.*
Sheere, shire, *a great slice of bread.*
Sheip, *sheep.*
Sheits, shetes, *sheets.*
Shent, *shamed, disgraced, abused.*
Shepenes, shipens, *cow,* or *sheep pens.*
Shimmered, *glittered.*
Sho, *she.*
Shoen, shoone, *shoes.*
Shoke, *shookest.*
Shold, sholde, *should.*
Shoone. *See* Shoen.
Shope, *shaped; betook.*
Shorte, *shorten.*
Shote, *shot.*
Shread, *cut into small pieces.*
Shreeven, shriven, *confessed her sins*
Shreward, *a male shrew.*
Shrift, *confession.*
Shrive, *confess; hear confession.*
Shroggs, *shrubs, thorns, briars.*
Shulde, *should.*
Shullen, *shall.*
Shunted, *shunned.*
Shurtyng, *recreation, diversion.*
Shynand, *shining.*
Shyars, *shires.*
Sib, *kin; akin, related.*
Sic, sich, sich, *such.* Sich, *sigh.*
Sich-like, *such-like.*
Side, *long.*
Sied, *saw.*
Sigh-clout, *clout to strain milk through.*
Sighan, sighand, *sighing.*
Sik, sike, *such.*
Siker, *surely, certainly.*
Siller, *silver.*
Sindle, *seldom.*
Sith, sithe, *since.*
Sitteth, *sit ye.*
Skaith, scath, *harm, mischief.*
Skalk, *malicious? squinting?*
Skinker, *one that serves drink.*
Skinkled, *glittered.*
Skomfit, *discomfit.*
Skott, *shot, reckoning.*
Slade, *a breadth of greensward between plow-lands* or *woods.*
Slaited, *whetted; wiped.*
Slatred, *slit, broke into splinters.*
Slaw, *slew.*
Sle, slee, slea, sley, *slay.*
Slean, slone, *slain.*
Sleip, slepe, *sleep.*
Slo, sloe, *slay.*
Slode, slit, *split.*
Slone, *slain.*
Sloughe, *slew.*
Smithers, *smothers.*
Sna', snaw, *snow.*
Soldain, soldan, sowdan, *sultan.*
Soll, soulle, sowle, *soul.*

Sond, *a present, a sending.*
Sone, soan, *soon.*
Sonn, *son, sun.*
Sooth, *truth, true.* Soothly, *truly.*
Sort, *company.*
Soth, sothe, south, southe. *See* Sooth.
Soth-Ynglonde, *South England.*
Sould, schuld, *should.*
Souldan. *See* Soldain.
Souling, *victualling.*
Sowdan. *See* Soldain.
Sowden, sowdain, *idem.*
Sowne, *sound.*
Sowre, soare, *sour, sore.*
Sowter, *shoemaker.*
Soy, *silk.*
Spak, spack, spaik, *spake.*
Spec, *idem.*
Sped, *speeded, succeeded.*
Speered, sparred, *fastened, shut.*[4]
Speik, *speak.*
Speir, *spear.* Speer.
Speir, speer, speere, spere, speare, spire, *ask, inquire.*[5]
Spence, spens, *expense.*
Spendyd, *grasped.*
Spere, speere, *spear.*
Spill, spille, *spoil, destroy, harm.*
Spillan, spilland, *spilling.*
Spilt, *spoilt.*
Spindles and whorles, *instrument used for spinning in Scotland.*[6]
Spole, *shoulder; arm-pit.*
Sporeless, *spurless, without spurs.*
Sprent, sprente, *spurted, sprung out.*
Spurging, *froth that purges out.*
Spurn, spurne, *a kick.*
Spyde, *spied.*
Spylt, *spoiled, destroyed.*
Spyt, spyte, *spite.*
Squelsh, *a blow,* or *bang.*
Stabille, *establish?*
Stalwart, stalworth, *stout.*
Stalwourthly, *stoutly.*
Stane, stean, *stone.*
Starke, *stiff; entirely.*
Startopes, *buskins,* or *half-boots.*
Stead, stede, *place.*
Stean. *See* Stane.
Steedye, *steady.*
Steid, stede, *steed.*
Steir, *stir.*
Stel, stele, steil, *steel.*
Sterne, *stern; stars.*
Sterris, *stars.*
Stert, sterte, *start.*
Steven, *time, voice.*
Still, *quiet, silent.*
Stint, *stop, stopped.*
Stonders, stonderes, *standers-by.*
Stonde, stound, stounde, stownde, *time, space, hour, moment; while.*
Stoup of weir, *pillar of war.*
Stour, stower, stowre, *fight, stir, disturbance.*
Stown, *stolen.*
Stower, stowre. *See* Stour.
Stowre, *strong, robust, fierce.*
Sta, strae, *straw.*
Streight, *straight.*
Strekene, *stricken, struck.*
Stret, *street.*

[4] So in an old "Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c. 4to, emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde:" we are exhorted to "SPERE (*i.e.* shut or bar) the wyndowes ayenst the south." fol. 5.

[5] So CHAUCER, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas:

—— "He soughte north and south,
And oft he SPIRED with his mouth,"

i. e. 'inquired.' Not SPIED, as in the Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 234.

[6] The ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES, are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for shoemakers, and even some linen-webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed salmon-nets are made, are spun upon SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than spinning-wheels.

Strick, *strict.*
Strife, *strain*, or *measure.*
Strike, *stricken.*
Stroke, *struck.*
Stude, *stood.*
Stuid, *ditto.*
Styntyde, stinted, *stayed, stopped.*
Styrande stagge, *many a stirring, travelling journey.*
Styrt, *start.*
Suar, *sure.*
Sum, *some.*
Summere, *a sumpter horse.*
Sumpter, *horses that carry burdens.*
Sune, *soon.*
Suore bi ys chin, *swore by his chin.*
Surcease, *cease.*
Suthe, swith, *soon, quickly.*
Sua, sa, *so.*
Swaird, *green-sward.*
Swapte, swapped, swopede, *struck violently; exchanged blows.*
Swarvde, swarved, *climbed.*
Swab, swatte, swotte, *did sweat.*
Swear, sware, sweare, *swear; oath.*
Sweard, swearde, swerd, *sword.*
Sweaven, *a dream.*
Sweere, swire, *neck.*
Sweit, swete, *sweet.*
Swepyl, *the swinging part of a flail.*
Sweven. *See* Sweaven.
Swith, *quickly, instantly.*
Swyke, *sigh.*
Swynkers, *labourers.*
Swypping, *striking fast.*
Swyving, *whoring.*
Sych, *such.*
Syd, *side.*
Syde shear, sydis shear, *on all sides.*
Syn, syne, *then, afterwards.*
Syns, *since.*
Syschemell, *Ishmael.*
Syth, *since.*
Syzt, *sight.*

T.

Taiken, token, *sign.*
Taine, tayne, *taken.*
Take, *taken.*
Talents, *golden head ornaments?*
Tane, *one.*
Tarbox, *liniment box carried by shepherds.*
Targe, *target, shield.*
Te, *to.* Te make, *to make.*
Te he! *Interjection of laughing.*
Teene, *sorrow, grief, wrath.* Tene.
Teenefu', *indignant, wrathful, furious.*
Teir, tere, *tear.*
Tent, *heed.*
Termagaunte, *the god of Sarazens.*[7]
Terry, *diminutive of Thierry, Theodoricus, Didericus;* Terece.
Tester, *a coin.*
Tha, *them.* Thah, *though.*
Thair, *their.*
Thair, thare, *there.*
Thame, *them.*
Than, *then.*
Thare, theire, ther, thore, *there.*

[7] The old French Romancers, who had corrupted TERMAGANT into TERVAGANT, couple it with the name of MAHOMET as constantly as ours; thus in the old *Roman de Blanchardin,*

"*Cy guerpison tuit Apolin,*
Et Mahomet et TERVAGANT."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his Tale, intituled *La Fiancée du Roy de Garbe,* says,

"*Et reniant Mahom, Jupin, et* TERVAGANT,
Avec maint autre Dieu non moins extravagant.
Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. xx. 4to. p. 352.

As Termagant is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation and can only be explained from the elements of that language, its being corrupted by the old French Romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.

The, *thee.*
The, *they.* The wear, *they were.*
The, thee, *thrive.* So mote I thee, *so may I thrive. See* Chaucer, 'Canterb. Tales,' i. 308.
The God, i. e. *The high God.*
Thear, *there.*
Thee, *to thrive.* Mote he thee, *may he thrive.*
Thend, *the end.*
Ther, *their.*
Ther-for, *therefore.*
Therto, *thereto.*
Thes, *these.*
Therves, *manners; limbs.*
Theyther-ward, *thither-ward.*
Thie, *thy.* Thowe, *thou.* Thi sone, *thy son.*
Thii, *they.*
Thilke, *this.*
Thir, *this, these.*
Thir towmonds, *these twelve months.*
Thirtti thousant, *thirty thousand.*
Tho, *then, those, the.*
Thocht, *thought.*
Thole, tholed. *suffer, suffered.*
Thorowe, *throw, through.*
Thouse, *thou art.*
Thoust, *thou shalt,* or *shouldest.*
Thrall, *captive; captivity.*
Thrang, *throng, close.*
Thrawis, *throes.*
Thre, thrie, *three.*
Threape, *to argue, assert positively.*
Threw, *throve.*
Thrie. *See* Thre.
Thrif, threven, *thrive.*
Thrilled, *twirled, turned round.*
Thrittè, *thirty.*
Thronge, *hastened.*
Thropes, *villages.*
Thruch, throuch, *through.*
Thud, *noise of a fall.*
Tibbe, *diminutive for Isabel* (Scottish).
Tide, *time.*
Tift, *puff of wind.*
Tild downe, *pitched.*
Till, *to; when.*
Till, *unto, entice.*
Timkin, *diminutive of Timothy.*
Tine, *lose.*
Tint, *lost.*
Tirl, *twirl, turn round.*
Tirl at the pin, *unlatch the door.*
To, *too; two.*
Ton, tone, *the one.*
Too-fall, *twilight.*[8]
Tor, *tower; pointed rock on hill.*
Toun, toune, *town.*
Toure, *tower.*
Tow, *to let down with a rope.*
Tow, towe, *two.* Twa.
Towmoond, *twelve-month, year.*
Towyn. *See* Toun.
Traiterye, *treason, treachery.*
Trenchant, *cutting.*
Tres hardie, *thrice hardy.*
Treytory, traitory. *See* Traiterye.
Trichard, *treacherous.*
Tricthen, *trick, deceive.*
Tride, *tried.*
Trie, tre, *tree.*
Triest furth, *draw forth to an assignation.*
Trim, *exact.*
Trisulcate, *three-forked* or *pointed.*
Trough, trouth, *troth.*
Trow, *think, believe, trust, conceive;* also, *verily.*
Trowth, *troth.*
Tru, *true.*
Trumped, booted, *told lies.*
Trumpes, *wooden trumpets.*
Tuik, tuke, *took.*
Tuke gude keip, *kept a close eye upon her.*
Tul, *till, to.*
Turn, *an occasion.*
Turnes a crab, *at the fire: roasts a crab.*
Tush, *interjection of contempt* or *impatience.*
Twa, *two.*

[8] "Tofall of the night," seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below.—(Mr. Lambe.)

Twatling, *small, piddling.*
Twayne, *two.*
Twin'd, *parted, separated.*
Twirtle twist, *thoroughly twisted.*

U.

Uch, *each.*
Ugsome, *shocking, horrible.*
Unbethought, *for bethought.*
Unctuous, *fat, clammy, oily.*
Undermeles, *afternoons.*
Undight, *undecked, undressed.*
Unkempt, *uncombed.*
Unmacklye, *misshapen.*
Unmufit, *undisturbed, unconfounded.*
Unseeled, *opened; a term in falconry.*
Unsett steven, *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*
Unsousie, *unlucky, unfortunate.*
Untyll, *unto; against.*
Ure, use.
Uthers, *others.*

V.

Vair (Somerset), *fair.*
Valzient, *valiant.*
Vaporing, *hectoring.*
Vazen (Somerset), *faiths.*
Venu, *approach, coming.*
Vices, *devices; screws; turning pins; swivels; spindle of a press?*
Vilane, *rascally.*
Vive (Somerset), *fire.*
Voyded, *quitted, left.*
Vriers (Somerset), *friars;* "Vicars."

W.

Wa', *wall, way.*
Wad, *would.* Walde, wold, wolde.
Wadded, *of a light blue colour?*[9]
Wae, waefo', *woe, woful.*
Wae worth, *woe betide.*
Waine, *waggon.*
Walker, *fuller of cloth.*
Wallowit, *faded, withered.*
Walter, *roll along; wallow.*
Walter, *welter.*
Waly, *interjection of grief.*
Wame, *womb.* Wem.
Wan, *gone; came; deficient; black, gloomy.*
Wan neir, *drew near.*
Wane, *one.*
Wanrufe, *uneasy.*
War, ware, *aware.*
War ant wys, *wary and wise.*
Ward, *watch, sentinel.*
Warde, *advise, forewarn.*
Warke, *work.*
Warld, warldis, *world, worlds.*
Waryd, *accursed.*
Waryson, *reward.*
Wassel, *drinking, good cheer.*
Wat, *wet; knew.*
Wat, wot, *know, am aware.*
Wate, *blamed.*
Wate, weet, weete, wete, witte, wot, wote, wotte, *know.*
Wax, *to grow, become.*
Wayde, *waved.*
Wayward, *froward, perverse.*
Weal, *wail.* Weale, *welfare.*
Weale, weel, weil, wele, *well.*
Weare-in, *drive in gently.*
Wearifou', *wearisome, tiresome.*
Weazon, *the throat.*
Wedous, *widows.*
Wee, *little.*
Weede, *clothing, dress.*
Weel, *well; we will.*
Weene, *think.*
Weet, *wet.*
Weet. *See* Wate.
Weid, weed, wede. *See* Weede.
Weil, wepe, *weep.*
Weinde, wende, went, weende, weened, *thought.*
Weird, *wizard, witch.*
Wel-away, *interjection of grief.*
Wel of pitè, *well of pity.*
Weldynge, *ruling.*
Welkin, *the sky.*

[9] Taylor, in his 'History of Gavel-kind,' p. 49, says, "*Bright*, from the British word *Brith*, which signifies their *wadde-colour;* this was a light blue."—Minsheu's Dictionary.

Well-away, *exclamation of pity.*
Wem, *hurt.*
Weme, *womb, belly; hollow.*
Wend, wende, wenden, *go.*
Wende, *thought.*
Wene, ween, *think,*
Wer, *were.*
Wereth, *defendeth.*
Werke, *work.*
Werre, weir, warris, *war, wars.*
Werryed, *worried.*
Wes, *was.*
Westlin, westlings, western, *whistling.*
Wha, *who.*
Whair, *where.*
Whan, *when.*
Whang, *a large slice.*
Wheder, *whither.*
Whelyng, *wheeling.*
Whig, *sour whey, buttermilk.*
While, *until.*
Whilk, *which.*
Whit, *jot.*
Whittles, *knives.*
Whoard, *hoard.*
Whorles. *See* Spindles.
Whos, *whose.*
Whyllys, *whilst.*
Wi', with.
Wight, *human being, man* or *woman.*
Wight, *strong, lusty.*
Wightlye, *vigorously.*
Wightye, wighty, *strong, active.*
Wield-worm, *serpent.*
Wildings, *wild apples.*
Wilfulle, *wandering, erring.*
Will, *shall.*
Win, *get, gain.*
Windar, *a kind of hawk.*
Windling, *winding.*
Winnae, *will not.*
Winsome, *agreeable, engaging.*
Wis, wiss, *know.* Wist, *knew.*
Wit, weet, *know, understand.*
Withouten, withoughten, *without.*
Wo, woo, *woe.*
Wobster, webster, *weaver.*
Wode, wood, wod, *wood; mad.*
Wode-warde, *towards the wood.*
Woe, *woful, sorrowful.*
Woe-begone, *lost in grief.*
Woe-man, *a sorrowful man.*
Woe-worth, *woe be to thee.*
Wolde, *would.*
Woll, *wool.*
Wan, *wont, usage.*
Won'd, woun'd, *dwelt.*
Wonde, wound, *winded.*
Wonders, *wonderous.*
Wondersly, wonderly, *wondrously.*
Wone, *one.*
Wonne, *dwell.*
Wood, wode, *mad, furious.*
Woodweele, wodewale, *the golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush-kind.*
Wood-wroth, *furiously enraged.*
Worshipfully frended, *of worshipful friends.*
Worthe, *worthy.*
Wot, wote, *know, think.*
Wouche, *mischief, evil.*
Wow, *vow; woe!*
Wracke, *ruin, destruction.*
Wrang, *wrung.*
Wreake, *pursue revengefully.*
Wreke, *wreak, revenge.*
Wrench, *wretchedness.*
Wright, *write.*
Wringe, *contended with violence.*
Writhe, *writhed, twisted.*
Wroken, *revenged.*
Wronge, *wrong.*
Wrouzt, *wrought.*
Wull, *will.*
Wyght, *strong, lusty.*
Wyghtye, *ditto.*
Wyld, *wild deer.*
Wynde, wende, *go.*
Wynne, win, *joy.*
Wynnen, *win, gain.*
Wyrch wyselyer, wirke, wislier, *work more wisely.*
Wysse, *direct, govern, take care of.*
Wyste, *knew.*
Wyt, wit, weet, *know.*
Wyte, *blame.*

Y.

Y, *I.* Y singe, *I sing.*
Y-beare, *beare.*

Y-boren, *borne.*
Y-built, *built.*
Y-cleped, *named, called.*
Y-con'd, *taught, instructed.*
Y-core, *chosen.*
Y-fere, *together.*
Y-founde, *found.*
Y-mad, *made.*
Y-pickiug, *picking, culling.*
Y-slaw, *slain.*
Y-was, *verily.*
Y-were, *were.*
Y-wis, *verily.* Y-wys.
Y-woune, *won.*
Y-wrought, *wrought.*
Y-wys. *See* Y-wis.
Y-zote, *molten, melted.*
Yae, *each.*
Yalping, *yelping.*
Yaned, *yawned.*
Yate, *gate.*
Yave, *gave.*
Ych, ycha, yche, ilka, *each.*
Ycholde, yef, *I should, if.*
Ychon, ychone, *each one.*
Ychulle, *I shall.*
Ychyseled, *cut with the chisel.*
Ydle, *idle.*
Yebent, y-bent, *bent.*
Ye feth, y-feth, *in faith.*
Yearded, *buried.*
Yede, yode, *went.*
Yee, *eye.*
Yeldyde, *yielded.*
Yenoughe, ynoughe, *enough.*
Yerarrchy, *hierarchy.*
Yere, yeere, *year, years.*
Yerle, yerlle, *earl.*
Yerly, *early.*
Yese, *ye shall.*
Yestreen, *yester-evening.*
Yf, *if.*
Yfere, *together.*
Ygnoraunce, *ignorance.*
Ylke, ilk, *same.*
Yll, *ill.*
Ylythe, *listen.*
Yn, *in;* house, *home.*
Ynglishe, Ynglyshe, *English.*
Ynglonde, *England.*
Yode, *went.*
Youe, *you.*
Ys, *is; his; in his.*
Ystonge, *stung.*
Yt, *it.*
Yth, *in the.*

Z.

Z, *y, g,* and *s.*
Zacring bell (Somerset), *sacring bell; a little bell rung at the elevation of the host.*
Ze, zea, *you, ye, thee.* Zee're, *ye are.*
Zede, yede, *went.*
Zee, zeene, *see, seen.*
Zees, *ye shall.*
Zef, yef, *if.*
Zeir, *year.*
Zellow, *yellow.*
Zeme, *take care of.*
Zent, *through.*
Zestrene, *yester-e'en.*
Zet, *yet.*
Zit, *yet.*
Zonder, *yonder.*
Zong, *young.*
Zonne, *son.*
Zou, *you.* Zour, *your.*
Zoud, *you would.*
Zour, *your.*
Zour-lane, your-lane, *alone, by yourself.*
Zouth, *youth.*
Zule, yule, *Christmas.*
Zung, zonge, *young.*

*** The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ȝ which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh), being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ȝeaɹd *yard*, ȝeaɹ *year*, ȝeonȝ *young*, &c.

INDEX.

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly, i. 106.
Admiral Hosier's Ghost. *Glover*, ii. 74.
Aged Lover renounceth Love, i. 128.
Alcanzor and Zayda, i. 242.
Argentile and Curan. *Warner*, i. 412.
As ye came from the Holy Land, i. 312.
Auld Good-man, ii. 184.

Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy, ii. 51.
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, ii. 194.
Balet by Earl Rivers, i. 278.
Ballad of Constant Susannah, i. 150.
Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman, i. 327.
Barbara Allen's Cruelty, ii. 189.
Battle of Otterbourne, i. 12.
Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green, i. 360.
Birth of St. George, ii. 258.
Bonny Earl of Murray, i. 395.
Boy and the Mantle (Original), ii. 105.
Boy and the Mantle (Percy's Revision), ii. 342.
Braes of Yarrow. *Hamilton*, ii. 70.
Brave Lord Willoughbey, i. 402.
Bride's Burial, ii. 208.
Bryan and Pereene. *Grainger*, i. 234.

Character of a Happy Life. *Wotton*, i. 226.
Chevy Chase, Ancient Ballad, i. 1.
Chevy Chace, Modern Ballad, i. 180.
Child of Elle, i. 75.
Child Waters, ii. 141.
Children in the Wood, ii. 225.
Complaint of Conscience, ii. 1.
Constant Penelope, ii. 297.
Constant Susannah, Ballad, i. 150.
Corin's Fate, i. 422.
Corydon's Doleful Knell, i. 432.
Corydon's Farewell to Phillis, i. 150.
Cupid and Campaspe. *Lilye*, ii. 161.
Cupid's Assault. *Lord Vaux*, i. 279.
Cupid's Pastime. *Davison*, i. 224.

Death's final Conquest. *Shirley*, i. 192.
Death of King Edward the First, i. 249.
Distracted Lover, ii. 65.
Distracted Puritan, ii. 59.
Downfall of Charing Cross, ii. 41.
Dowsabell. *Drayton*, i. 216.

Dragon of Wantley, ii. 313.
Dulcina, ii. 212.
Dyttie to Hey Downe, ii. 133.

Edom (Adam) o' Gordon, i. 81.
Edward, Edward, i. 41.
Elegy on Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland. *Skelton*, i. 65.
Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances, ii. 80.
Essay on the Ancient Minstrels of England, i. 1.
Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions, ii. 1.
Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, i. 88.
Ew-bughts Marion, ii. 153.

Fair Bridges, *Gascoigne*, i. 344.
Fair Margaret and Sweet William, ii. 186.
Fair Rosamond. *Delone*, i. 347.
Fairies' Farewell. *Corbet*, ii. 253.
Fairy Queen, ii. 251.
Fancy and Desire. *Vere*, i. 371.
Farewell to Love. *Beaumont and Fletcher*, i. 221.
Frantic Lady, ii. 67.
Friar of Orders Gray, i. 176.
Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune, i. 173.

Gaberlunzie Man, James V., i. 289.
Gentle Herdsman, tell to Me, i. 302.
Gentle River, Gentle River, i. 236.
George Barnwell, ii. 279.
Gernutus, the Jew of Venice, i. 151.
Gil (Child) Morrice, ii. 166.
Gilderoy, i. 227.
Glasgerion, ii. 134.
Guy and Amarant. *Rowlands*, ii. 178.

Hardyknute. *Bruce*, i. 314.
Harpalus, i. 294.
Heir of Linne, i. 337.
Hue and Cry after Cupid. *B. Jonson*, ii. 216.

Jane Shore, i. 423.
Jealousy, Tyrant of the Mind. *Dryden*, ii. 296.
Jemmy Dawson. *Shenstone*, ii. 77.
Jephthah, Judge of Israel, i. 130.
Jew's Daughter, i. 26.
John Anderson my Jo, i. 332.

King and the Miller of Mansfield, ii. 231.
King Arthur's Death, ii. 124.
King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, i. 135.
King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth, i. 305.
King Estmere, i. 42.
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, ii. 30.
King Leir and his three Daughters i. 166.
King of France's Daughter, ii. 218.
King of Scots and Andrew Browne. *Elderton*, i. 390.
King Ryence's Challenge, ii. 121.
Knight and Shepherd's Daughter, ii. 154.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament, i. 384.
Lady Distracted with Love, ii. 64.
Lady Isabella's Tragedy, ii. 213.
Lady turned Serving-man, ii. 162.
Lady's Fall, ii. 197.
Legend of King Arthur, ii. 130.
Legend of Sir Guy, ii. 173.

Lilli Burlero. *Wharton*, ii. 68.
Little John Nobody, i. 333.
Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, ii. 149.
Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, ii. 275.
Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, ii. 159.
Love will find out the Way, ii. 274.
Lover of late was I, ii. 230.
Loyalty Confined. *L'Estrange*, ii. 43.
Lucy and Colin. *Tickell*, ii. 340.
Lunatic Lover, ii. 62.
Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman. Ballad, i. 327.
Lye, The. *Raleigh*, ii. 26.

Margaret's Ghost. *Mallet*, ii. 337.
Marriage of Sir Gawaine, ii. 112.
Marriage of Sir Gawaine (Percy's Version), ii. 349.
Mary Ambree, i. 399.
Murder of the King of Scots, i. 386.
My Mind to me a Kingdom is, i. 208.

Northumberland betrayed by Douglas, i. 200.
Not-browne Mayd, i. 265.
Nymph's Reply. *Raleigh*, i. 160.

Old and young Courtier, ii. 35.
Old Robin of Portingale, ii. 371.
Old Tom of Bedlam, ii. 57.
Original Ballad by Chaucer, i. 252.

Passionate Shepherd to his Love, *Marlow*, i. 158.
Patient Countess. *Warner*, i. 210.
Phillida and Corydon. *Breton*, ii. 147.
Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance, ii. 17.

Queen Dido, or the Wandering Prince of Troy, ii. 241.
Queen Eleanor's Confession, i. 356.
Queen Elizabeth's Verses while Prisoner at Woodstock, i. 336.

Richard of Almaigne, i. 246.
Rising in the North, i. 193.
Robin and Makyne, i. 298.
Robin Good-fellow, ii. 247.
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne, i. 56.
Robyn, Jolly Robyn, i. 132.

Sale of Rebellious House-hold Stuff, ii. 48.
Shepherd's Address to his Muse. *Breton*, ii. 157.
Shepherd's Resolution. *Wither*, ii. 239.
Sir Aldingar, i. 282.
Sir Andrew Barton, i. 373.
Sir Cauline, i. 28.
Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan, ii. 193.
Sir John Suckling's Campaign, ii. 38.
Sir Lancelot du Lake, i. 146.
Sir Patrick Spence, i. 54.
Song to the Lute in Musicke, i. 134.
Sonnet by Queen Elizabeth, i. 388.
Spanish Lady's Love, i. 409.
Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy, ii. 292.
St. George and the Dragon, ii. 266.
St. George for England, 1st Part, ii. 320.
St. George for England, 2nd Part. *Grubb*, ii. 324.

Stedfast Shepherd. *Wither*, ii. 290.
Sturdy Rock, i. 359.
Sweet Neglect. *B. Jonson*, ii. 225.
Sweet William's Ghost, ii. 191.

Take those Lips Away, i. 166.
Take thy Old Cloak about Thee, i. 139.
Thomas, Lord Cromwell, i. 292.
Titus Andronicus's Complaint, i. 161.
To Althea from Prison. *Lovelace*, ii. 39.
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars, *Lovelace*, ii. 300.
Tower of Doctrine. *Hawes*, i. 73.
Turnament of Tottenham, i. 254.

Ulysses and the Syren. *Daniel*, i. 221.
Unfading Beauty. *Carew*, ii. 279.

Valentine and Ursine, ii. 301.
Verses by Charles I. ii. 45.
Verses by James I. ii. 28
Victorious Men of Earth. *Shirley*, i. 405.
Victory at Agincourt, i. 264.

Waly, waly, Love be Bonny, ii. 202.
Wandering Jew, ii. 21.
Wanton Wife of Bath, ii. 204.
Why so Pale? *Suckling*, ii. 56.
Willow Tree, ii. 196.
Willow, Willow, Willow, i. 142.
Winifreda, i. 230.
Winning of Cales, i. 406.
Witch of Wokey, i. 231.
Witches' Song. *B. Jonson*, ii. 245

You Meaner Beauties. *Wotton*, ii. 34.
Young Waters, i. 396.
Youth and Age. *Shakspere*, i. 172.

THE END.

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